

LETTERS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M—y W——y M——e.

VOL. II.



L E T T E R S

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M—y W——y M——e:

Written during her TRAVELS in

EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA,

T O

Persons of Distinction, Men of Letters, &c.
in different Parts of EUROPE.

WHICH CONTAIN

AMONG OTHER CURIOUS RELATIONS,

ACCOUNTS of the POLICY and MANNERS
of the TURKS;

Drawn from Sources that have been inaccessible to
other Travellers.

A NEW EDITION.

To which are now first added,

P O E M S,

By the same A U T H O R.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CADELL, and T. EVANS, in the Strand;
J. MURRAY, in Fleet-Street; and R. BALDWIN,
in Pater-noster-Row,

M D C C L X X I V.

LETTERS

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady Mary W. Norton

Secretary of State

MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE

TO

John Lubbock, Esq.

19, Bedford Square, London, W.

DEAR SIR

I have the pleasure to inform you

that your letter of the 15th inst.



received and forwarded to the

proper authorities for their

consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

John Lubbock

19, Bedford Square, London, W.

Yours faithfully,

John Lubbock

19

Yours faithfully,

 L E T T E R XXXVI.

To Mr. Pope.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S.

I HOPE, before this time, you have received two or three of my letters. I had your's but yesterday, though dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits. The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elyfian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial; but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature—within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refresh-

ment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women, exactly resemble the ideas of the antient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in, of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance) and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

*That spirits departed are wonderful kind
To friends and relations left behind,*

Which no body can deny.

Of which solid truth I am a dead instance. I think Virgil is of the same opinion, that in
human

human souls there will still be some remains of human passions :

———*Curæ non ipse in morte relinquunt.*

[And 'tis very necessary to make a perfect Elysium, that there should be a river Lethe, which I am not so happy as to find. To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinences in which you toil ; though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in more agreeable variety than you do ; and that Monday, setting of partridges ; Tuesday, reading English ; Wednesday, studying in the Turkish language, (in which, by the way, I am already very learned ;) Thursday, classical authors ; Friday, spent in writing ; Saturday, at my needle, and Sunday, admitting of visits and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing of the week, than Monday at the drawing-room ; Tuesday, Lady Mohun's ; Wednesday, at the opera ; Thursday, the play ; Friday, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c. a perpetual

round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulph between you and me, cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy or grief, when I consider that, possibly, the cause of either is removed, before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendships; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr. Congreve's, and desire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beside.

I am, &c. &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXVII.

To the Lady ———,

Belgrade Village, June 17, O.S.

I HEARTILY beg your ladyship's pardon; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commissions you are pleased to honour me with. You desire me to buy you a Greek slave, who is to be mistress of a thousand good qualities. The Greeks are subjects, and not slaves. Those who are to be bought in that manner, are either such as are taken in war, or stolen by the Tartars, from Russia, Circassia or Georgia, and are such miserable awkward poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your house-maids. 'Tis true, that many thousands were taken in the Morea; but they have been most of them redeemed by the charitable contributions of the Christians, or ransomed by their own relations at Venice. The fine slaves, that wait upon the great ladies, or serve

the pleasures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care to accomplish them in singing, dancing, embroidery, &c. they are commonly Circassians, and their patron never sells them, except it is as a punishment for some very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either present them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Those that are exposed to sale at the markets, are always either guilty of some crime, or so entirely worthless, that they are of no use at all. I am afraid you will doubt the truth of this account, which, I own, is very different from our common notions in England; but it is no less truth for all that.—Your whole letter is full of mistakes from one end to the other. I see you have taken your ideas of Turkey from that worthy author Dumont, who has writ with equal ignorance and confidence. 'Tis a particular pleasure to me here, to read the voyages to the Levant, which are generally so far removed from truth, and

and so full of absurdities. I am very well diverted with them. They never fail giving you an account of the women, whom, 'tis certain they never saw, and talking very wisely of the genius of the men, into whose company they are never admitted; and very often describe Mosques, which they dared not even peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will not converse with a stranger, they are not assured is considerable in his own country. I speak of the men of distinction; for, as to the ordinary fellows, you may imagine what ideas their conversation can give of the general genius of the people.

As to the balm of Mecca, I will certainly send you some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose it, and I cannot in conscience advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna, have begged me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity
(which

(which I'll assure you is very valuable) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning the change indeed was wonderful; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H——'s. It remained in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherwise; and to add to my mortification, Mr. W——y reproached my indiscretion without ceasing. However, my face is since in *statu quo*; nay, I'm told by the ladies here, that 'tis much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my looking glass. Indeed, if one was to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it, and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part, I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due

due time. I have very little esteem for medicines of this nature; but do as you please, Madam; only remember, before you use it, that your face will not be such as you will care to shew in the drawing-room for some days after. If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a surer way of making one's self beloved, than by becoming handsome, though you know that's our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of secrets, that by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they please. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders, I cannot find faith for this. I disputed the point last night with a lady, who really talks very sensibly on any other subject; but she was downright angry with me, in that she did not perceive she had persuaded me of the truth of forty stories she told me of this kind; and, at last, mentioned several ridiculous marriages, that there could be no other reason assigned for. I assured her, that in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magick, where
the

the climate is not half so warm, nor the women half so handsome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages; and that we did not look upon it as any thing supernatural, when a man played the fool for the sake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her against (as she said) her certain knowledge. To this she added, that she scrupled making use of charms herself; but that she could do it whenever she pleased; and staring me in my face, said, (with a very learned air) that no enchantments would have their effects upon me, and that there were some people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this discourse: but all the women are of the same opinion.— They don't pretend to any commerce with the devil, but only that there are certain compositions adapted to inspire love. If one could send over a ship-load of them, I fancy it would be a very quick way of raising an estate. What would not some ladies of our acquaintance give for such merchandize? Adieu,
my

my dear lady—I cannot conclude my letter with a subject that affords more delightful scenes to the imagination. I leave you to figure to yourself, the extreme court that will be made to me at my return, if my travels should furnish me with such a useful piece of learning. I am, dear Madam,

Yours, &c. &c.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To Mrs. T.

Pera of Constantinople, Jan. 4, O.S.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs. T—, for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correspondents that have judged right enough, to think I would gladly be informed of the news amongst you. All the rest of them tell me (almost in the same words) that they suppose I know every thing. Why they are pleased to suppose in this manner, I can guess no reason, except they are persuaded that the breed of Mahomet's pigeon still subsists in this country, and that I receive supernatural intelligence. I wish I could return your goodness with some diverting accounts from hence. But I know not what part of the scenes here would gratify your curiosity, or whether you have any curiosity at all, for things so far distant. To say the truth, I am,

at

at this present writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations necessary for the increase of my family, which I expect every day. You may easily guess at my uneasy situation. But I am, however, comforted in some degree, by the glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I should otherwise fall under.— You won't know what to make of this speech ; but, in this country 'tis more despicable to be married and not fruitful, than 'tis with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, 'tis because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth, (which is as necessary in order to be a received beauty, as it is to shew the proofs of nobility, to be admitted Knights of Malta) that they do not content themselves with using the natural means,

means, but fly to all sorts of quackeries to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and often kill themselves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boast of having had five and twenty or thirty a-piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced.— When they are with child, 'tis their common expression to say, They hope God will be so merciful as to send them two this time; and when I have asked them sometimes, how they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire? they answer, that the plague will certainly kill half of them; which indeed, generally happens without much concern to the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully. The French Ambassadress is forced to comply with this fashion as well as myself. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is most wonderful,

is,

is, the exemption they seem to enjoy from the curse entailed on the sex. They see all company on the day of their delivery, and at the fortnight's end return visits, set out in their jewels and new clothes. I wish I may find the influence of the climate in this particular. But I fear I shall continue an English woman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here. Most families have had their houses burnt down once or twice, occasioned by their extraordinary way of warming themselves, which is neither by chimnies nor stoves, but by a certain machine called a Tendour, the height of two feet, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet or embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a small quantity of hot ashes, and sit with their legs under the carpet. At this table they work, read, and, very often, sleep; and if they chance to dream, kick down the Tendour, and the hot ashes commonly set the house

house on fire. There were five hundred houses burnt in this manner about a fortnight ago, and I have seen several of the owners since, who seem not at all moved at so common a misfortune. They put their goods into a Bark, and see their houses burn with great philosophy, their persons being very seldom endangered, having no stairs to descend.

But having entertained you with things I don't like, 'tis but just I should tell you something that pleases me. The climate is delightful in the extreme degree. I am now sitting, this present fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm shine of the sun, while you are freezing over a sad sea-coal fire; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden. I am also charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed, and better executed than ours; particularly, the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country,

country, God knows :) They are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehoods. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured? How many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eye-brows, were this law in practice with us? I should go on to tell you many other parts of justice, but I must send for my midwife.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

To the Countess of —————

Pera of Constantinople, March 10, O.S.

I H A V E not written to you, dear Sister, these many months—a great piece of self-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you are in. I have received no letter from you since that short note of April last, in which you tell me that you are on the point of leaving England, and promise me a direction for the place you stay in; but I have, in vain, expected it till now, and now I only learn from the Gazette, that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your house at London. I had rather ten of my letters should be lost, than you imagine I don't write; and I think it is hard fortune, if one in ten don't reach you. However, I am resolved to keep the copies, as testimonies of my inclination to give you, to the utmost of my power, all the diverting part of my travels,

while

while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniencies.

In the first place then, I wish you joy of your niece; for I was brought to-bed of a daughter* five weeks ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting adventures; tho' I must own, that it is not half so mortifying here as in England; there being as much difference, as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumption coughs so common in London.—No-body keeps their house a month for lying-in; and I am not so fond of any of our customs, as to retain them when they are not necessary. I returned my visits at three weeks end, and about four days ago crossed the sea which divides this place from Constantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curiosities. I went to see the Sultana Hafiten, favourite of the late Emperor Mustapha, who, you know, (or perhaps you don't know) was deposed by his bro-

* The present Countess of Bute.

ther, the reigning Sultan, and died a few weeks after, being poisoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was immediately after his death, saluted with an absolute order to leave the Seraglio, and choose herself a husband among the great men at the Porte. I suppose you may imagine her overjoyed at this proposal. — Quite the contrary. — These women who are called and esteem themselves Queens, look upon this liberty as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herself at the Sultan's feet, and begged him to poignard her, rather than use his brother's widow with that contempt. She represented to him, in agonies of sorrow, that she was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl surviving, this excuse was not received, and she was compelled to make her choice. She chose Bekir Effendi, then secretary of state, and above four-score years old, to convince the

the

the world that she firmly intended to keep the vow she had made, of never suffering a second husband to approach her bed; and since she must honour some subject so far to be called his, she would choose him, as a mark of her gratitude, since it was he that had presented her, at the age of ten years, to her last lord. But she never permitted him to pay her one visit; tho' it is now fifteen years she has been in his house, where she passes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a constancy very little known in Christendom, especially in a widow of one and twenty, for she is now but thirty-six. She has no black Eunuchs for her guard, her husband being obliged to respect her as a Queen, and not to enquire at all into what is done in her apartment.

I was led into a large room, with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a Ruelle, covered with pale blue figured velvet, on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the Sultana appeared, who had contrived

trived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favour of an Emperor, to whom beauties were, every day, presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me, to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw at Adrianople; though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than time. But her dress was something so surprizingly rich, that I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest, called Dualma, which differs from a Caftan by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, strait to her shape, and thick set, on each side down to her feet and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose that I mean as large as those of my Lord —, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons, large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops, so
common

common on birth-day coats. This habit was tied at the waist, with two large tassels of smaller pearls, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds. Her shift was fastened at the bottom, with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle as broad as the broadest English ribband, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees; one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald, as big as a turkey-egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, close joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half-crown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces, and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her ear-rings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazle nut. Round her Talpoche she had four strings of pearl—the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces, every one as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's, and of
the

the same shape, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Besides this, her head-dress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers (except Mr. Pitt's) the largest I ever saw in my life. 'Tis for jewellers to compute the value of these things; but, according to the common estimation of jewels in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling. This I am sure of, that no European Queen has half the quantity, and the Empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers. She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, and the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes, was the table cloth and napkins,

kins, which were all tiffany embroidered with silk and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, which were as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure, that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in gold basins, and towels of the same kind with the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon, and coffee was served in china with gold Soucoups*.

The Sultana seemed in a very good humour, and talked to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I possibly could of the Seraglio, which is so entirely unknown amongst us. She assured me that the story of the Sultan's throwing a hand-

* Saucers.

a handkerchief is altogether fabulous ; and the manner, upon that occasion, no other than this : He sends the Kyflir Aga, to signify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it by the others, and led to the bath, where she is perfumed and dressed in the most magnificent and becoming manner. The Emperor precedes his visit by a royal present, and then comes into her apartment : neither is there any such thing as her creeping in at the bed's foot. She said, that the first he made choice of, was always after the first in rank, and not the mother of the eldest son, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the Sultan diverts himself in the company of all his ladies who stand in a circle round him. And she confessed, they were ready to die with envy and jealousy of the happy she, that he distinguished by any appearance of preference. But this seemed to me neither better nor worse than the circles in most courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every smile is waited for with impatience.

impatience, and envied by those who cannot obtain it.

She never mentioned the Sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. “ My past happiness, said she, appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns with him ; and I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the Princess, my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I left him, I passed a whole twelve-month without seeing the light. Time has softened my despair ; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my Sultan.” There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a Pellice

lice of rich brocade lined with fables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains ; and from thence, she shewed me all her apartments. In her bed-chamber, her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night Talpoche set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine fables, every one of which is at least worth a thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money.) I don't doubt but these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, though they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes as at the Grand Vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, besides ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old. These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed ; and I observed that the Sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expence ; for there is not a handsome girl

girl of that age, to be bought under a hundred pounds sterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair, braided, which was all their head-dress; but their habits were all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee kneeling; brought water when she washed, &c.—'Tis a great part of the business of the older slaves to take care of these young girls, to learn them to embroider, and to serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family. Now do you imagine I have entertained you all this while, with a relation that has, at least, received many embellishments from my hand? This, you will say, is but too like the Arabian Tales——These embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a turkey's egg!——You forget, dear sister, those very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real representation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumstances. If we say nothing but what has been said before us, we are dull, and we have observed nothing. If we tell any thing new,

new, we are laughed at as fabulous and romantic, not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which afford difference of company, or more curiosity, or the change of customs that happen every twenty years in every country.— But the truth is, people judge of travellers, exactly with the same candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions. For my part, if I live to return amongst you, I am so well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintances, that I am resolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough to believe, whatever I seriously assert, for truth; though I give you leave to be surprized at an account so new to you. But what would you say, if I told you, that I have been in a Haram, where the winter apartment was wainscoted with inlaid work of mother of pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes, you
have

have seen brought out of this country; and in whose rooms designed for summer, the walls are all crusted with japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets? Yet there is nothing more true; such is the palace of my lovely friend, the fair Fatima, whom I was acquainted with at Adrianople. I went to visit her yesterday; and if possible, she appeared to me handsomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and, giving me her hand with the best grace in the world; You christian ladies (said she, with a smile that made her as beautiful as an angel) have the reputation of inconstancy, and I did not expect, whatever goodness you expressed for me at Adrianople, that I should ever see you again. But I am now convinced that I have really the happiness of pleasing you; and if you knew how I speak of you amongst our ladies, you would be assured, that you do me justice in making me your friend. She placed me in the corner of the sofa, and I spent the afternoon in her conversation with the greatest pleasure

pleasure in the world.—The Sultana Hafiten, is what one would naturally expect to find a Turkish lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it; and 'tis easy to see in her manner, that she has lived excluded from the world. But Fatima has all the politeness and good breeding of a court, with an air that inspires at once respect and tenderness; and now that I understand her language, I find her wit as agreeable as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not the partiality for her own, so common to little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never seen her before (nor could have been admitted now, if she had not been in my train) shewed that surprize at her beauty and manner, which is unavoidable at the first sight, and said to me in Italian,—
 “ This is no Turkish lady, she is certainly
 “ some Christian.”—Fatima guessed she spoke of her, and asked what she said. I would not have told her, thinking she would have been no better pleased with the compliment, than one
 of

of a Turk, but the Greek lady told it to her, and she smiled, saying, It is not the first time I have heard so; my mother was a Poloneze, taken at the siege of Caminiec; and my father used to rally me, saying, he believed his Christian wife had found some Christian gallant; for that I had not the air of a Turkish girl.— I assured her, that if all the Turkish ladies were like her, it was absolutely necessary to confine them from public view for the repose of mankind; and proceeded to tell her, what a noise such a face as hers would make in London or Paris. I can't believe you, replied she, agreeably, if beauty was so much valued in your country, as you say, they would never have suffered you to leave it.—Perhaps, dear sister, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment, but I only do it, as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an instance of the spirit of her conversation. Her house was magnificently furnished, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furnished with figured velvet on gold grounds, and, those for summer,

mer, with fine Indian quilting embroidered with gold. The houses of the great Turkish ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as those in Holland. This was situated in a high part of the town : and from the window of her summer apartment we had the prospect of the sea, the islands, and the Asian mountains.—My letter is insensibly grown so long, I am ashamed of it. This is a very bad symptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright story-teller. It may be, our proverb, that knowledge is no burden, may be true, as to one's self; but knowing too much, is very apt to make us troublesome to other people.

I am, &c. &c.

LET.

L E T T E R XL.

To the Lady ———.

Pera, March 16, O. S.

I AM extremely pleased, my dear lady, that you have, at length, found a commission for me, that I can answer without disappointing your expectations; though I must tell you, that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it; and that, if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other stranger's has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as I was forced to do, when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish love-letter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyrniote to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows: The first piece you should pull out of the purse, is a little pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and must be understood in this manner:

<i>Ingi,</i>	<i>Senfin Uzellerin gingi</i>
<i>Pearl,</i>	<i>Fairest of the young.</i>
<i>Caremfil,</i>	<i>Caremfilfen cararen yok</i>
<i>Clove,</i>	<i>Conge gulfum timarin yok</i>
	<i>Benseny chok than severim</i>
	<i>Senin Bendin, haberin yok</i>

You are as slender as this clove!

You are an unblown rose!

I have long loved you, and you have not
known it.

<i>Pul,</i>	<i>Derdime derman bul</i>
<i>Jonquil,</i>	<i>Have pity on my passion!</i>
<i>Kihát,</i>	<i>Birlerum sahat sahat</i>
<i>Paper,</i>	<i>I faint every hour!</i>
<i>Ermus,</i>	<i>Ver bizé hir umut</i>
<i>Pear,</i>	<i>Give me some hope.</i>
<i>Şabun,</i>	<i>Derdinden oldum zabun</i>
<i>Soap,</i>	<i>I am sick with love,</i>
<i>Chemur,</i>	<i>Ben Oliyim size umur</i>
<i>Coal,</i>	<i>May I die, and all my years</i>
	<i>be yours!</i>

Gul,

Gul,	<i>Ben aglarum sen gul</i>
A rose,	May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine !
Hasir,	<i>Clim sana yazir,</i>
A straw,	Suffer me to be your slave.
Jo hó,	<i>Ustune bulunmaz pahu</i>
Cloth,	Your price is not to be found.
Tartfin,	<i>Sen ghel ben chekeim senin bargin</i>
Cinnamon,	But my fortune is yours.
Giro,	<i>Esking ilen oldum ghira</i>
A match,	I burn, I burn ! my flame consumes me !
Sirma,	<i>Uzunu benden a yirma</i>
Goldthread,	Don't turn away your face.
Satch,	<i>Bazmazun tatch</i>
Hair,	Crown of my head !
Uzum,	<i>Benim iki Guzum</i>
Grape,	My eyes !
Til,	<i>Ulugorum tez ghel</i>
Gold Wire,	I die——come quickly.

And by way of Postscript :

Beber,	<i>Bize bir dogm haber.</i>
Pepper,	Send me an answer.

You see this letter is all in verse, and I can assure you, there is as much fancy shewn in the choice of them, as in the most studied expressions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning; but alas, dear madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home;—I am in great danger of losing my English. I find 'tis not half so easy to me to write in it, as it was a twelve-month ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother tongue.—Human understanding is as much limited as human power,

power, or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images ; and 'tis as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have, in perfect subjection, ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time. I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should do. I live in a place, that very well represents the Tower of Babel ; in Peru they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Slavonian, Wallachin, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian ; and what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs, my footmen French, English, and Germans ; my nurse an Armenian ; my house maids Russians ; half a dozen other servants Greeks ; my steward an Italian ; my Janizaries Turks ; so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here ; for they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing

knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know myself several infants of three or four years old, that speak Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, and Russian, which last they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies, who set up for such extraordinary geniuses upon the credit of some superficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where, I'll assure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to such a small number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude my letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyship very bluntly, that I am

Your faithful humble servant.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLI.

To the Countess of B——.

AT length I have heard from my dear Lady B——, for the first time. I am persuaded you have had the goodness to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to lose your letters. Since my last I have staid quietly at Constantinople, a city that I ought in conscience to give your ladyship a right notion of, since I know you can have none but what is partial and mistaken from the writings of travellers. 'Tis certain there are many people that pass years here in Pera, without having ever seen it, and yet they all pretend to describe it. Pera, Tophana, and Galata, wholly inhabited by French Christians (and which, together, make the appearance of a very fine town) are divided from it by the sea, which is not above half so broad as the broadest part of the Thames; but the Christian men are loth to hazard the adventures they sometimes meet with

with amongst the Levents or Seamen (worſe monſters than our watermen) and the women muſt cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect averſion to do. 'Tis true, they wear veils in Pera, but they are ſuch as only ſerve to ſhew their beauty to more advantage, and would not be permitted in Conſtantinople. Theſe reaſons deter almoſt every creature from ſeeing it; and the French Ambaſſadrefs will return to France (I believe) without ever having been there. You'll wonder, Madam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The Aſmack, or Turkiſh veil, is become not only very eaſy, but agreeable to me; and if it was not, I would be content to endure ſome inconveniency to gratify a paſſion that is become ſo powerful with me, as curioſity. And indeed, the pleaſure of going in a barge to Chelſea, is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the ſea here, where for twenty miles together down the Boſphorus, the moſt beautiful variety of proſpects preſent themſelves. The Aſian ſide is covered with fruit trees, villages,

lages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European, stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills.—The unequal heights make it seem as large again as it is (tho' one of the largest cities in the world) shewing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars shew themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing. I have taken care to see as much of the Seraglio as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, headed on top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and indeed, I believe there is no Christian

tian

tian King's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of those for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the Divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies' side there are, at least, as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable structure is that of St. Sophia, which 'tis very difficult to see. I was forced to send three times to the Caimairan, (the governor of the town) and he assembled the chief Effendis, or heads of the law, and enquired of the Mufti, whether it was lawful to permit it. They passed some days in this important debate; but, I insisting on my request, permission was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the subject of this mosque, than on any of the others, where, what Christian pleases may enter without scruple. I fancy they imagine that, having been once consecrated,

secrated, people, on pretence of curiosity, might prophane it with prayers, particularly to those Saints, who are still very visible in Mosaic work, and no otherway defaced but by the decays of time; for it is absolutely false, tho' so universally asserted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. Sophia is said to be one hundred and thirteen foot diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble, the pavement and stair-case marble. There are two rows of galleries supported with pillars of parti-coloured marble, and the whole roof mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down.— They presented me a handful of it; its composition seems to me a sort of glass, or that paste with which they make counterfeit jewels. They shew here the tomb of the Emperor Constantine, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect description of this celebrated building; but I understand architecture so little, that I am afraid of talking nonsense in endeavouring to speak of it particularly.

larly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish mosques please me better. That of Sultan Solyman is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst is a noble Cupola, supported with beautiful marble pillars; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner; the pavement and gallery round the mosque of marble; under the great cupola is a fountain adorned with such fine coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble; on one side is the pulpit of white marble, and on the other a little gallery for the Grand Signior. A fine stair-case leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written; and, before it, stand two candlesticks, as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flambeaux. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. The court leading to it is very spacious, with galleries of marble of green columns, covered with
 twenty;

twenty-eight leaded cupolas on two sides, and a fine fountain of basons in the midst of it.

This description may serve for all the Mosques in Constantinople. The model is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and thickness of materials. That of the Sultana Valida is the largest of them all, built entirely of marble, the most prodigious, and I think the most beautiful structure I ever saw, be it spoke to the honour of our sex, for it was founded by the mother of Mahomet the fourth. —Between friends, Paul's church would make a pitiful figure near it; as any of our squares would do, near the Atlerdan, or place of horses (*at* signifying a horse in Turkish). This was the Hippodrome in the reign of the Greek Emperors. In the midst of it is a brazen column of three serpents twisted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impossible to learn why so odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends when they are asked the meaning of it, and there is no sign of its having ever had any inscription.

scription. At the upper end is an obelisk of porphory, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as mere ancient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedestal of square free stone, full of figures in bas-relief on two sides; one square representing a battle, another an assembly. The others have inscriptions in Greek and Latin; the last I took in my pocket-book, and it is as follows :

*Difficilis quondam, Dominis parere Serenis
Jussus, et extinctis palmam portare Tyrannis
Omnia Theodosio cedunt, sobolique perenni.*

Your Lord will interpret these lines. Don't fancy they are a love letter to him.

All the figures have their heads on; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all say they have not; but I dare swear the greatest part of them never saw them; but took the report from the Greeks, who resist, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have
invented

invented lies to the dishonour of their enemies. Were you to believe them, there is nothing worth seeing in Constantinople, but Sancta Sophia, though there are several larger, and in my opinion, more beautiful Mosques in that city. That of Sultan Achmet, has this particularity, that its gates are of brass. In all these Mosques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandize is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The Bisisen, or jeweller's quarter, shews so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and all kind of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderers' is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares,

and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know you'll expect I should say something particular of the slaves; and you will imagine me half a Turk, when I don't speak of it with the same horror other Christians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to these creatures; they are never ill used, and their slavery is, in my opinion, no worse than servitude all over the world. 'Tis true they have no wages; but they give them yearly clothes to a higher value than our salaries to our ordinary servants. But you'll object, that men buy women with an eye to evil. In my opinion they are bought and sold as publickly and as infamously in all our Christian great cities.

I must add to the description of Constantinople, that the Historical Pillar is no more. It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have seen no other footsteps of antiquity except the aqueducts, which are so vast that I am apt to believe they
are

are yet more antient than the Greek Empire. The Turks, indeed, have clapped in some stones with Turkish inscriptions, to give their natives the honour of so great a work; but the deceit is easily discovered.—The other public buildings are the Hanns and Monasteries; the first are very large and numerous; the second few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curiosity to visit one of them, and to observe the devotions of the Dervises, which are as whimsical as any at Rome. These fellows have permission to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarse white cloth, wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few other rules, except that of performing their fantastick rites, every Tuesday and Friday, which is done in this manner: They meet together in a large hall, where they all stand with their eyes fixed on the ground and their arms across, while the Imaum or preacher reads part of the Alcoran from a pulpit placed in the midst; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make

a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmusical instruments. Then he reads again, and makes a short exposition on what he has read ; after which they sing and play, till their Superior (the only one of them dressed in green) rises and begins a sort of solemn dance. They all stand about him in a regular figure, and while some play, the others tie their robe (which is very wide) fast round their waist, and begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness, and yet with great regard to the music, moving slower or faster as the tune is played. This lasts above an hour, without any of them shewing the least appearance of giddiness, which is not to be wondered at, when it is considered, they are all used to it from their infancy ; most of them being devoted to this way of life from their birth. There turned amongst them some little Dervises of six or seven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they shout out ; “ There is
 “ no other God, but God, and Mahomet his
 “ Prophet : ”

“Prophet:” after which they kiss the Superior’s hand and retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn gravity. Nothing can be more austere than the form of these people; they never raise their eyes, and seem devoted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in description, there is something touching in the air of submission and mortification they assume.—This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XLII.

To the Countess of ———

I AM now preparing to leave Constantinople, and perhaps you will accuse me of hypocrisy, when I tell you, 'tis with regret ; but as I am used to the air, and have learnt the language, I am easy here ; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniences attending so great a journey, with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast. However, I endeavour, upon this occasion, to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life ; turn them, if I can to my diversion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my Ferige and Asmack, about Constantinople, and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it. I know you will expect that this declaration should be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ so often over. To what
purpose

purpose should I tell you, that Constantinople is the antient Bizantium? that 'tis at present the conquest of a race of people, supposed Scythians; that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that St. Sophia was founded by Justinian, &c. I'll assure you 'tis not for want of learning, that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with very little trouble, turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycaut, to give you a list of Turkish Emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as for instance, in the admirable Mr. Hill, who so gravely asserts, that he saw in Sancta Sophia, a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter; and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision, during his wonderful stay in the Egyptian Catacombs; for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here. 'Tis also very pleasant

pleasant to observe how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers, lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are perhaps more free than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world, that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure, exempt from cares, their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of œconomy from his wife, whose expences are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and her's to spend it; and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell. And as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer; yet I'll assure you his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs and a very handsome set of jewels for her head. 'Tis true, they have no places but the bagnios, and these can only
be

be seen by their own sex ; however, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was, three days ago, at one of the finest in the town, and had the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received there, and all the ceremony used on that occasion, which made me recollect the Epithalamium of Helen, by Theocritus ; and it seems to me, that the same customs have continued ever since. All the friends, relations and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio ; several others go, out of curiosity, and I believe there were that day two hundred women. Those that were, or had been married, placed themselves round the rooms on the marble sofas ; but the virgins very hastily threw off their cloaths, and appeared without other ornament or covering, than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother, and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with jewels, but was
presently

presently reduced to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began the procession, the rest following in pairs, to the number of thirty. The leaders sung an Epithalamium, answered by the others in chorus, and the two last led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modesty. In this order they marched round the three large rooms of the Bagnio. 'Tis not easy to represent to you the beauty of this sight, most of them being well proportioned and white skinn'd; all of them perfectly smooth, and polished by the frequent use of bathing. After having made their tour, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and a present, some of jewels, others of pieces of stuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which she thanked them for, by kissing their hands. I was very well pleased with having seen this ceremony; and you may believe me, that the Turkish ladies have, at least, as much wit and civility, nay, liberty,

as among us. 'Tis true, the same customs that give them so many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any) also put it very fully in the power of their husbands to revenge themselves, if they are discovered; and I do not doubt but they suffer some times for their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago, there was found at day-break, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapped in a coarse sheet, with two wounds of a knife, one in her side, and another in her breast. She was not quite cold, and was so surprizingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera that did not go to look upon her; but it was not possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was supposed to have been brought in the dead of night, from the Constantinople side, and laid there. Very little enquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse was privately buried without noise. Murder is never pursued by the King's officers, as with us.

us. 'Tis the business of the next relations to revenge the dead person; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do) there is no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their government, should make such tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people not naturally cruel. Neither do I think in many other particulars, they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Christian woman of quality, who made it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable sensible lady. Her story is so extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it; but I promise you it shall be in as few words as I can possibly express it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family, when that kingdom was part of the Spanish dominion. Coming from thence in a Felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkish Admiral, boarded and taken.—And now how shall I modestly tell

tell you the rest of her adventure? The same accident happened to her, that happened to the fair Lucretia so many years before her. But she was too good a Christian to kill herself, as that heathenish Roman did. The Admiral was so much charmed with the beauty and long-suffering of the fair captive, that, as his first compliment, he gave immediately liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haste to Spain, and in a few months sent the sum of four thousand pounds sterling as a ransom for his sister. The Turk took the money, which he presented to her, and told her she was at liberty. But the lady very discreetly weighed the different treatment she was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindest thing they could do for her in her present circumstances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the rest of her days.—Her infidel lover was very handsome, very tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her liberty was not so precious to her

as

as her honour, that he could no way restore that but by marrying her, and she therefore desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and give her the satisfaction of knowing that no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The Admiral was transported at this kind offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had reason to repent the choice she made. He left her some years after, one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged her to marry the present Capitan Bassa, (i. e. Admiral) his successor.— I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, tho' I think she might be reasonably touched at his generosity, which is often found among the Turks of rank.

'Tis

'Tis a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest sort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them; and false witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publickly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I don't know, whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom peculiar to their country, I mean adoption, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the Grand Signior's treasury, when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they chuse some pretty child of either sex, amongst the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the Cadi, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents, at the same time, renounce,

renounce all future claim to it; a writing is drawn and witnessed, and a child thus adopted cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars, that have refused to part with their children in this manner, to some of the richest among the Greeks; (so powerful is the instinctive affection that is natural to parents!) though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to these children of their souls, as they call them. I own this custom pleases me much better than our absurd one of following our name. Methinks, 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich, an infant whom I educate after my own manner, brought-up (in the Turkish phrase) upon my knees, and who has learnt to look upon me with a filial aspect, than to give an estate to a creature without other merit or relation to me than that of a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently practised.—Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted.

acquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the situation of their country, which you may see in the maps ; or a relation of their ancient greatness, which you may read in the Roman History. They are now subject to the Turks ; and, being very industrious in trade, and encreasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the Christian religion by St. Gregory, and are perhaps the devoutest Christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priests enjoin the strict keeping of their Lents, which are, at least, seven months in every year, and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity ; no occasion whatever can excuse them if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil) and plain dry bread. That is their constant diet.—Mr. W——y has one of his interpreters of this nation, and the poor fellow was brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of. Yet

neither his master's commands, nor the doctors entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life) were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a custom, than an article of faith, I see very little in their religion different from ours. 'Tis true, they seem to incline very much to Mr. Whiston's doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very distant from it, since 'tis certain, the Holy Spirit's proceeding only from the Father, is making a plain subordination in the Son.—But the Armenians have no notion of Transubstantiation, whatever account Sir Paul Rycaut gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our court in 1679) and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion. What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony, I believe, unparallel'd all over the world. They are always promised very young; but the espoused
never

never see one another, till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red filken veil, which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom whether he is contented to marry that woman, be she deaf, be she blind? These are the literal words; to which having answered yes; she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil is not lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them till I had enquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, though he protested to me, he had rather die than submit to this slavery, having

already figured his bride to himself, with all the deformities in nature.—I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprizing story, yet 'tis as seriously true, as that I am,

Dear sister,

Your's, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XLIII.

To the Abbot of ———.

Constantinople, May 19, O.S. 1718.

I A M extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of human kind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And indeed, were I as good a Mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not yet been a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprize you, and can surprize nobody so much as myself. Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness or dulness, or both together, that can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you, that if you please to read Sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the Vizier's, the Beg-

lerby's, the civil and spiritual government,
 the officers of the Seraglio, &c. things that 'tis
 very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may
 be depended on; tho' other stories, God knows
 ——I say no more——every body is at liberty
 to write their own remarks; the manners of
 people may change; or some of them escape
 the observation of travellers; but 'tis not the
 same of the government, and for that reason,
 since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell
 you nothing of it. In the same silence shall
 be passed over the arsenal and seven towers, and
 for mosques I have already described one of the
 noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot
 forbear taking notice to you of a mistake of
 Gemelli, (though I honour him in a higher
 degree than any other voyage writer :) he says
 that there are no remains of Chalcedon; this is
 certainly a mistake; I was there yesterday and
 went cross the canal in my galley, the sea
 being very narrow between that city and Con-
 stantinople. 'Tis still a large town and has
 several mosques in it. The Christians still call it
 Chalcedonia,

Chalcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word. I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying ; for I have in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal, and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure-seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia ; there are near one another, some hundreds of magnificent palaces. Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than any where else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed Bassa, not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built ; thus in a few years they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late Grand Vizir, who was killed at Peterwaraden. It was built to receive his Royal Bride, daughter of the present Sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you ; but I check that inclination,

knowing

knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious ; the guardian assured me there are eight hundred rooms in it ; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them ; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all fashed with the finest chrystalline glass brought from England, and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartments destined for the Bagnios. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another ; the baths, fountains, and pavements all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with

with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, and the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa; and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large bason, surrounded with pipes that throw up the water as high as the room. The walls are in the nature of lattices, and on the outside of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a kind of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers. I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity) but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and tho' such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the Sultan, when he visits his daughter, is wainscotted with mother of pearl, fastened with emeralds like nails. There
are

are others of mother of pearl and olive-wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit, of all sorts, so well done in plaster, and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting except that of statues. Thus, you see, Sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true, their magnificence is of a different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politicks, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain, what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own;

own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise are hardly purchased, and when obtained, poor recompence for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Considering what short-lived weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter.— You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools.—But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration, in saying, that I had rather be a rich Effendi with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XLIV.

To the Abbot of ———.

Tunis, July 31, O.S. 1718.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, tho' I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage, through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

*' Warm'd with poetic transport, I survey
' Th' immortal islands and the well known sea.
' For here so oft the Muse her harp has strung,
' That not a mountain rears its head unsung.*

I beg your pardon for this sally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we set sail, we passed Gallipolis, a fair city, situated in the bay of Chersonesus, and much respected by the
Turks,

Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning, we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of Cestos and Abydos, now called the Dardanelli. These are now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observed by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with :

“ The swimming Lover and the nightly Bride,

“ How HERO lov’d, and how LEANDER died.

Verse again ! I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks, who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The governor’s daughter imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (though I don’t find she had either slept
upon

upon Bride-cake or kept St. Agnes' fast) fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers, and being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour, he destroyed the garrison, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. Sestos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this streight, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprizing a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious King try to pass his army over it. But then 'tis so subject to storms, 'tis no wonder the
lover

lover perished and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of mount Ida;

*' Where Juno once caress'd her amorous Jove,
' And the world's master lay subdued by love.*

Not many leagues from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried, and about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigæum, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it, to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which, no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone on which Mr. W——y plainly distinguished the words of Sigæon Polin. We ordered this on board the ship; but were shewed others much more curious by a Greek Priest, tho' a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of this little church lie two large stones, about ten feet long each,

each, five in breadth and three in thickness.— That on the right is a very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some Deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription, but the Greek is too ancient for Mr. W——y's interpretation. I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession, which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side, and when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in short petticoats fastened by straps round their shoulders, and large smock-sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds upon their shoulders.—One of my countrymen, Mr. Sands, (whose book I doubt not you have read as one of the best of its kind) speaking of these ruins, supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium; but I see no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory, the river Simois rolling from mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called Simores; it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a small stream half choaked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was Xanthus amongst the Gods, as Homer tells us,

and 'tis by that heavenly name the nymph Oenone invokes it, in her epistle to Paris. The Trojan virgins used to offer their first favours to it by the name of Scamander, 'till the adventure, which *Monsieur de la Fontaine* has told so agreeably, abolished that heathenish ceremony. When the stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood ; for I am firmly persuaded whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it, are much more modern, and I think Strabo says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible

sible almost six months in the year, while the north wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigæum we saw that of Rhæteum, famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain, is still just for it; and I spent several hours in as agreeable cogitations, as ever Don Quixote had on mount Montefinos. We sailed next night to the shore where 'tis vulgarly reported Troy stood, and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly shewed to strangers, and which the Turks call Eski Stamboul, i. e. Old Constantinople. For that reason, as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there) that I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls which are of a vast extent. We found the remains

of a castle on a hill, and of another in a valley,
several broken pillars and two pedestals, from
which I took these Latin inscriptions :

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS.
EORUNDEM. ET. PRINCIP. AM.
COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ. TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM,
PRAEFECTO. EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM.
VIC. VIII.

DIVI. IULI. FLAMINI.
C. ANTONIO. M. F.
VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN.
DIV AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.
ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS.
EORUNDEM. ET. PRINCIP-ITEM.
COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ. TRIB.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTARIOR.
TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE, I.
SCUBULORUM.
VIC. VII.

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place are the ruins of one dedicated to Augustus, and I know not why Mr. Sands calls it a Christian temple, since the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble and vast pieces of granite, which are daily lessened by the prodigious balls that the Turks make, from them, for their cannon. We passed that evening the isle of Tenedos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in, himself, in the particulars of his estate, when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of Tenes, from whom it was called, but named Mytilene where we passed next. I cannot forbear mentioning Lesbos, where Sappho sung and Pittacus reigned, famous for the birth of Alcæus, Theophrastus and Arion, those masters in poetry, philosophy, and musick. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks.

But

But need I talk to you of Catucufeno, &c.—
 Princes that you are as well acquainted with as
 I am. 'Twas with regret I saw us sail from
 this island into the Eugean sea, now the Archi-
 pelago, leaving Scio (the antient Chios) on
 the left, which is the richest and most popu-
 lous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn
 and silk, planted with groves of orange and le-
 mon trees, and the Arvisian mountain still ce-
 lebrated for the nectar that Virgil mentions.—
 Here is the best manufacture of silks in all
 Turkey. The town is well built, the women
 famous for their beauty, and shew their faces,
 as in Christendom. There are many rich fa-
 milies; tho' they confine their magnificence to
 the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy
 of the Turks, who have a Bassa here; however
 they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the
 genius of their country;

*And eat and sing, and dance away their time,
 Fresh as their groves and happy as their clime.*

Their

Their chains hang lightly on them, tho' 'tis
 not long since they were imposed, not being
 under the Turk 'till 1566. But perhaps 'tis
 as easy to obey the Grand Signior as the state
 of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the
 Greek Emperor. But I forget myself in these
 historical touches, which are very impertinent
 when I write to you. Passing the streight be-
 tween the islands of Andros and Achaia, now
 Libadia, we saw the promontory of Lunium,
 now called Cape Colona, where are yet stand-
 ing the vast pillars of a temple of Minerva.—
 This venerable sight made me think with
 double regret on a beautiful temple of The-
 seus, which I am assured was almost entire at
 Athens till the last campaign in the Morea,
 that the Turks filled it with powder and it was
 accidentally blown up. You may believe I
 had a great mind to land on the famed Pello-
 ponnesus, tho' it were only to look on the ri-
 vers of Asopus, Peneus, Inachus, and Eurotas,
 the fields of Arcadia and other scenes of ancient
 Mythology. But instead of Demi-gods and
 Heroes,

Heroes, I was credibly informed, 'tis now overrun by robbers, and that I should run a great risque of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country, for which however I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth to the last campaign there; but I check the inclination, as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by Cape Angelo, once Malea, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in sight of Candia; it is very mountainous; we easily distinguished that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority that here were an hundred cities—

—*Centum Urbes habitant Magnas*——

The chief of them—the scene of monstrous passions.—Metellus first conquered this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of—I am running on to the very siege of Candia, and I am so sorry with myself that

I will

I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thousand years since, when after drinking a dish of tea with Sappho, I might have gone, the same evening, to visit the temple of Homer in Chios, and passed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuaries and conversing with the most polite and most gay of mankind. Alas! Art is extinct here, the wonders of nature alone remain, and it was with vast pleasure I observed those of mount Ætna, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour Philosophy too much to imagine it could turn that of Empedocles; and Lucian shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man of whom Lucretius says

—*vix humana videtur stripe creatus*—

We passed Trinacria without hearing any of the Sirens that Homer describes, and, being
thrown

thrown on neither Scylla nor Charybdis, came safe to Malta, first called Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The Grand Master lives here in the state of a sovereign Prince; but his strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckoned the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expence and labour.—Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into Porta Farine on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At Tunis we were met by the English consul who resides here. I readily accepted of the offer of his house there for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by daylight, and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is, for the most part, sandy,
but

but every where fruitful of date, olive and fig-trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon fields are enclosed by hedges of that plant we call Indian fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and as sharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish Ramadan, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun and spend the night in feasting. We saw under the trees companies of the country people, eating, singing and dancing to their wild musick. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in an human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them. — But the women have their arms to their very shoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with flowers,

ers, stars, and various sorts of figures impressed by gun-powder, a considerable addition to their native deformity, which is, however, esteemed very ornamental amongst them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage, over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. W—y assured me, that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of very white stone, but quite without gardens, which they say were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to
the

the eye, and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. 'Tis true, here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live; but no fresh water, but what is preserved in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape, and being mixed with a breed of renegadoes are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieged in 1270 by Lewis king of France, who died, under the walls of it, of a pestilential fever. After his death, Philip, his son, and our prince Edward, son of Henry the III^d. raised the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbarossa, admiral of Solymon the Magnificent. The Emperor Charles V. expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turks under the conduct of Sinan Bassa, in the reign of Selim II. From that
time

time till now, it has remained tributary to the Grand Signior, governed by a Bey, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Badgat is, at this time, in the same circumstances; and the Grand Signior connives at the loss of these dominions for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage. —I was however half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called the stables of the Elephants, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in many of them broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them hither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the
heat

heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of Tents, not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their country-people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa, and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt-ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have

have described ; and the history of it is too well know to want any abridgment of it. You see, Sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I have answered your letter by giving you the accounts you desired, and have reserved my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey thro' Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you by word of mouth that I am

Your humble servant, &c.

L E T T E R XLV.

To the Countess of ———

Genoa, Aug. 28, O.S. 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbot —; and durst not go to write many others, I had designed; nor indeed could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here.—I am in the house of Mrs. D'Avenant at St. Pierre d'Arena, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good

VOL. II.

H

humour

humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated in a very fine bay, and being built on a rising hill intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the Archipelago, and all that part of Constantinople which is now called Galata. Their betraying the Christian cause, by facilitating the taking of Constantinople by the Turk, deserved what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side to those infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their Doge was forced by the late King to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the Envoy being spattered with dung in the night. This I suppose was done by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes

up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of Cizisbei's has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any such upon earth. The fashion begun here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an expedient, first found out by the Senate, to put an end to those family hatreds, which tore their estate to pieces, and to find employment for those young men, who were forced to cut one another's throats, *pour passer le temps*; and it has succeeded so well, that since the institution of Cizisbei, there has been nothing but peace and good humour amongst them. These

are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean, a married one; for the virgins are all invisible, and confined to Convents :) They are obliged to wait on her to all public places, such as the plays, operas and assemblies (which are called here Conversations) where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves, if she plays, have the privilege of whispers, &c.—When she goes out, they serve her instead of lacquies, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their business to prepare for her a present against any day of public appearance, not forgetting that of her own name ‡; in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them accordingly, (for opportunity they want none) but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure Platonick friendship. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a Cizisbei of their own chusing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often

‡ That is, the day of the Saint after whom she is called.

happens,

happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, the beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers ; but those days of plenty and humility are no more. Men grow more scarce and faucy, and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the glorious liberty of a Republick, or, more properly, an Aristocracy, the common people being here as arrant slaves as the French, but the old nobles pay little respect to the Doge, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife, at that very time, assumes no rank above another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges. When the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to take what expence they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which in the court belonging to the house of

dulie Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought. —Is it not enough that I say, they are most of them the design of Palladio? The street called Strada Nuova, is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of Durazzo, those of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent colonade, that of the Imperiale at this village of St. Pierre d'Arena, and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste, and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veronese, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido and Correggio, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own, I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These my beloved painters shew nature, and shew it in

in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a Lucretia in the house of Balbi; the expressive beauty of that face and bosom gives all the passion of pity and admiration, that could be raised in the soul, by the finest poem on that subject. A Cleopatra, of the same hand deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if Lucretia had not first engaged my eyes.—Here are also some inestimable ancient bustos.——The church of St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single Emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which, they say, was discovered to throw it on the pavement and break it; a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the King of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble; that of St. Ambrose has been very much adorned by the Jesuits; but I confess all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that

that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names. But I hope you will own I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarrantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably passed in Mrs. D'Avenant's company, in the village of St. Pierre Larane, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another. —I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life ; but mine I fear is not destined to so much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To the Countess of ———.

Turin, Sept. 12, O.S. 1718.

I CAME, in two days, from Genoa, through fine roads to this place. I have already seen what is shewed to strangers in the town, which indeed is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief, to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the King's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little distance from it, we saw the palaces of La Venerie, and La Valentin, both very agreeably retreats. We were lodged in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the noblest squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the Chevalier

valier——, whom you knew in England, who, with great civility, begged to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday and had the honour of waiting on the Queen, being presented to her by her first lady of honour. I found her Majesty in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies all dressed in gowns, amongst which it was easy to distinguish the fair princess of Carignan. The Queen entertained me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seemed mistress of a great share of good sense. She did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood; and added, that she always felt in herself a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of Majesty as often as I could, which perhaps she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer.———The King has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young Prince of Piedmont is a very handsome young man; but the great devotion

votion which this court is at present fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fashion here ; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor Count of —, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presumed to make to a maid of honour. I intend to set out to-morrow, and to pass those dreadful Alps, so much talked of.—If I come to the bottom, you shall hear of me.

I am, &c. &c.

LET-

L E T T E R XLVII.

To Mrs. T——.

Lyons, Sept. 25, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED, at my arrival, here, both your obliging letters, and also letters from many of my other friends, designed to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; our merchant there knowing we were upon our return. I am surprized to hear my sister———has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part I am confined to my chamber, having kept my bed till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town, where I have had so terrible a fever, I believed for some time, that all my journies were ended here; and I do not at all wonder that such fatigues as I have passed should have such an effect. The first day's journey from Turin to Novalesse is thro' a very fine country, beautifully

tifully planted and enriched by art and nature.

The next day we began to ascend mount Cenis, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles, upon men's shoulders; our chaises taken to pieces and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffered less from the extreme cold that reigns here. But the misty rains which fall perpetually, penetrated even the thick fur I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the descent is so steep and slippery, 'tis surprizing to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling sick, and the event has shewed that I placed my fears right.

The

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise, and very fruitful in vines and pastures. Amongst them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. Acquebellet is the last, and soon after we entered Pont Beauvoisin, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom, and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determined, that the fore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis possible for me to do now, with a mind weakened by sickness, a head muddled with spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber crammed with mortifying objects of apothecaries vials and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mr. Pope.

Lyons, Sep. 28, O. S. 1718,

I RECEIVED yours' here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return ; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you, for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. Ill assure you, 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends ; but when I consider that I must, at the same time, see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents ; that I must receive and pay visits, make curtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half killed with questions ; and, on the other part, that I am a creature, that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes ; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might
much

much better have staid where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life.- I should certainly be melancholy, if I pursue this theme one line farther. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper with the inscriptions on the tables of brass, that are placed on each side of the town-house.

I. TABLE.

*Maerorum. nostra. : : : si : : : : Equidem.
 primam. omnium. illam. cogitationem. hominum. quam.
 maxime. primam. occursum. mihi. provideo. depre-
 cor. ne. quasi. novam. istam. rem. introduci. exhor-
 rescatis. sed. illa. potius. cogitetis. quam. multa. in.
 hac. civitate. novata. sint. et. quidem. statim. ab.
 origine. urbis. nostræ. in. quod. formas. statusque.
 res. p. nostra. diducta. sit.*

*Quondam. reges. hanc. tenuere. urbem, ne tamen.
 domesticis. successoribus. eam. tradere, contigit. super-
 venerz. alieni. et. quidam. externi. ut. Numa. Ro-
 mulo. successerit. ex. Sabinis. veniens. vicinus. quidem.
 sed. tunc. externus. ut. Anco. Marcio. Priscus. Tarqui-
 nius. propter. temeratum. sanguinem. quod. patre. de.
 marato. Corinthio. natus. erat. et. Tarquinienſi. ma-
 tre. generosa. sed. inopi. ut. quæ tali. marito. necesse.
 habuerit. succumbere. cum. domi. repelleretur. a. ge-
 rendis. honoribus. postquam. Romam. migravit. reg-
 num. adeptus. est. huic. quoque. et. filio. nepotivæ.
 ejus. nam. et. hoc. inter. auctores. discrepat. insertus.
 Servius. Tullius. si. nostros. sequimur. captiva. natus.
 Vol. II. I ocreſia.*

ocresia. si. tuscos. cæli. quondam. vivennæ. sodalis. fidelissimus. omnisque. ejus. casus. comes. postquam. varia. fortuna. exactus. cum. omnibus. reliquis. cæliani. exercitus. Etruria. excessit. montem. Cælium. occupavit. et. a. duce. suo. Cælio. ita. appellatus. mutatoque. nomine. uam. tusce. mastarna. ei. nomen. erat. ita. appellatus. est. ut. dixi. et. regnum. summa. cum. reip. utilitate. optinuit. deinde. postquam. Tarquini. Superbi. mores. in-visi. civitati. nostræ. esse. cæperunt. qua. ipsius. qua. filiorum. ejus. nempe. periclitum. est. mentes. regni. et. ad. consules. annuos. magistratus. administratio. rep. translata. est.

Quid. nunc. commemorem. dictaturæ. hoc. ipso. consulari. imperium. valentius. repertum. apud. majores. nostros. quo. in. asperioribus. bellis. aut. in. civili. motu. difficiliore. uterentur. aut. in. auxilium. plebi. creatos. tribunos. plebei. quid. a. consulibus. ad. decemviros. translatum. imperium. solutoque. postea. decemvirali. regno. ad. consules. rursus. reditum. quid. im : : : v. ris. distributum. consulare. imperium. tribunosque. militum. consulari. imperio. appellatos. qui. seni. et. octoni. crearentur. quid. communicatos. postremo. cum. plebe. honores. non. imperi. solum. sed. sacerdotum. quoque. jam. narrem. bella. a. quibus.

quibus. cæperint. majores. nostri. et. quo. processeri-
 nus. vereor. ne. nimio. insolentior. esse. videar. et.
 quæfisse. jactationem. gloriæ. prolati. imperi. ultra.
 oceanum. sed illo. C. Porius. revertar. civitatem.

II. TABLE.

.....

 : : : novo. : : : divis : aug : no : lus. et. patruus.
 Ti. Cæsar. omnem. florem. ubique. coloni arum ac muni-
 cipiorum. bonorum. scilicet. virorum. et. locupletium.
 n. hac. curia. esse. voluit. quid. ergo. non. itali-
 us. senator. provinciali. potior. est. jam. vobis.
 um. hanc. partem. censuræ. meæ. approbare. cæpero.
 quid. de. fa. re. sentiam. rebus. ostendam. sed. ne.
 provinciales. quidem. si. modo. ornare. curiam. pote-
 rint. rejiciendos. puto.

Ornatissima. ecce. colonia. valentissimaque. rien-
 sensum. quam. longo. jam. tempore. senatores. huic.
 curiæ. confert. ex qua. colonia. inter. paucos. eques-
 tris. ordinis. ornamentum. L. restinum. familiaris-
 time. diligo. et. hodieque. in. rebus. meis. detineo. cujus.
 liberi. fruuntur. quæso. primo. sacerdotiorum. gradu.

post. modo. cum. annis. promoturi. dignitatis. sua.
 incrementa. ut. airum. nomen. latronis. taceam. et.
 odi. illud. palestricum. prodigium. quod. ante. in.
 domum. consulatum. intulit. quam. colonia. sua. fe-
 lidum. civitis. Romanæ. beneficium. consecuta. est. idem.
 de. fratre. ejus. possum. dicere. miserabili. quidem.
 indignissimoque. hoc. casu. ut. vobis. utilis. senator.
 esse. non. possit.

Tempus. est. jam. Ti. Cæsar. Germanice. dete-
 gere. te. patribus. conscriptes. quo. tendat. oratio.
 tua. jam. enim. ad. extremos. fines. Galliæ. Nar-
 bonensis. venisti.

Tot. ecce. insignes. juvenes. quot. intueor. non. ma-
 gis. sunt. pænitendi. senatoreb. quam. pænitet. Persi-
 cum. nobilissimum. virum. amicum. meum. inter. im-
 gines. majorum. suorum. Allorogici. nomen. legere.
 quod. si. hæc. ita. esse. consenti. is. quid. ultra. def-
 deratis. quam. ut. vobis. digito. demonstrum. solam.
 ipsum. ultra. fines. provinciæ. Narbonensis. jam. vobis.
 senatores. mittere. quando. ex. Lugduno. habere. mi-
 nostri. ordinis. viros. non. pænitet. timide. quidem. p-
 c. egressus. adsueto. familiaresque. vobis. provinci-
 arum. terminos. sum. sed. destitute. jam. comata.
 Gallia.

Galliae. causa. agenda. est. in. qua. si. quis. hoc. in-
 ventur. quod. bello. per. decem. annos. exercuerunt. di-
 vom. julium. idem. opponat. centem. annorum. im-
 mobilem. fidem. obsequiumque. multis. tripidis. rebus.
 nostros. plusquam. expertum. illi. patri. meo. Druso.
 Germaniam. subigenti. tutam. quiete. sua. secur. am-
 que. a. tergo. pacem. praestiterunt. et. quidem. cum.
 ad. census. novo. tum. opere. et. in. adueto. Galliis.
 ad. bellum. advocatus. esset. quod. opus. quam. arduum.
 it. nobis. nunc. cum. maxime. quamvis. nihil. ultra.
 quam. ut. publice. notae. sint. facultates. nostrae. ex-
 quiratur. nimis. magno. experimento: cognoscimus.

I was also shewed, without the gate of St. Justinus, some remains of a Roman aqueduct; and behind the monastery of St. Mary, there are the ruins of the Imperial palace, where the Emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, is the late king's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to express in one image, ignorance, ill taste and vanity, his sculptors could have made no other figure, so proper for that purpose, as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a guilt truncheon in his hand.—The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built,

built, and the *Belle Cour* well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Soane and Rhone.

“ Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit

“ Araque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.”

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever occasioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris, with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons, and am determined to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see Lady R——, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of.

I am, &c. &c.

LET

LETTER XLIX.

To the Lady R——.

Paris, Oct. 10, O.S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady R—— a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than chusing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accabléd* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that it is full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French Ambassadress at Constantinople has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect on me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extreme ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think

think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the god-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered cloaths, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition.—This is all the French magnificence, till you come to Fontainebleau, where you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the King's hunting-palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt: but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery built by Henry IV. has prospects of all the King's houses. Its walls are designed after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late King passed
some

some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks around it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at this court, which I believe died with him; at least I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in season.— You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly and well-lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *Grossièreté* of their Harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth compared to that of the Hay-market, and the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's Inn-fields; but then it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O——d a better place than to be confidante to La ——,

I have

I have seen the tragedy of Bajazet so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and it is certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear them say that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—*A-propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such—(I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress, so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. It is with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen; and if I was writing to any body else,

I should

some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks around it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at this court, which I believe died with him; at least I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in season.— You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly and well-lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *Grossièreté* of their Harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth compared to that of the Hay-market, and the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's Inn-fields; but then it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O—— a better place than to be confidante to La ——,

I have

I have seen the tragedy of Bajazet so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and it is certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear them say that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—*A-propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such—(I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress, so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. It is with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen; and if I was writing to any body else,

I should

I should say, that these grotesque daubers give me a still higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R——'s auborne hair, and the lively colours of her unfullied complexion.

I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbe here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

LET.

L E T T E R L.

To Mr. T.

Paris, Oct. 16, O.S. 1718.

YOU see I am just to my word in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprized to meet my sister. I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her, (having not received my late letters) and this meeting would shine under the hands of de Scuderie, but I shall not imitate his style so far, as to tell you how often we embraced, how she enquired by what odd chance I returned from Constantinople? And I answered her by asking, what adventure brought her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations and compliments being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud.

We

We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own Versailles appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and, after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The King's cabinets of antiquities and medals are, indeed, very richly furnished. Amongst that collection, none pleased me so well as the Apotheosis of Germanicus, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have seen. I observed some ancient statues of great value.— But the nauseous flattery and tawdry pencil of Le Brun are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains; the theatre, the grove of Æsop's fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularized in some of the French authors, that have been paid for these descriptions. Trianon, in its
 littleness,

littleness, pleased me better than Versailles; Marli, better than either of them, and St. Cloud best of all, having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find information in the aforesaid books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many feet they cast up the water.

We saw the King's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke D'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his Majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the Arch-Angel of Raphael, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me, if I say nothing of the Thuilleries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cour more agreeable than our Hyde-Park, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the Louvre, I had the opportunity of seeing the King, accompanied by

by the Duke Regent. He is tall and well shaped, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his great grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I mean Mr. Law, who treats their Dukes and Peers extremely “*de haut en bas*,” and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect.—Poor souls! —This reflection on their abject slavery puts me in mind of the *place des victoires*; but I will not take up your time and my own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, in the proportion of the streets, the houses being all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large, and when I have
said

said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in. I shall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my short stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R L I.

To the Abbot ———.

Dover, Oct. 31. O. S. 1718.

I AM willing to take your word for it that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet boat in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and gave us notice of the danger. We called a little fishing boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board us were crying to heaven. 'Tis hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion, and yet shall I own it to you? tho' I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow passenger. She was
an

an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and addressed herself to me—"Dear Madam, will you take care of this point? if it should be lost!—Ah Lord, we shall all be lost! Lord have mercy on my soul!—Pray, Madam, take care of this head-dress." This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But, however, the scene was not so diverting but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, tho' with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither, and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native

K 2

land.

land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet after all, must remain as ignorant. And after having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer, that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden pippens,

pippens, that the *Beca figuas* of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef, and that in short there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of day-light, that I may forget, the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R LII.

To Mr. P——.

Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seem to require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called Haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a
brown

brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous ; and I cannot help thinking that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reprov'd for thinking a village destroyed by fire, more wicked than those that had escap'd the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, tho' not so poetical as yours.

*Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew ;
 Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you ?
 Believe me, friend, much may be said
 On that poor couple that are dead.
 On Sunday next they should have married ;
 But see how oddly things are carried !
 On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd,
 These tender lovers sadly frighten'd,*

Shelter'd

Shelter'd beneath the cocking bay

In hopes to pass the time away.

But the BOLD THUNDER found them out

(Commission'd for that end no doubt)

And seizing on their trembling breath

Consign'd them to the shades of death,

Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?

For had they seen the next year's sun,

A beaten wife and cuckold swain

Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain ;

Now they are happy in their doom,

FOR POPE HAS WROTE UPON THEIR TOMB.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours ; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them ; tho' I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid, living, humble servant, than be celebrated by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr. C—— ; but suppose you will read this to him, if he enquires after me.

LET.

* L E T T E R LIII.

To Lady ——.

January 23, 1715-1716.

I FIND after all by your letter of yesterday, that Mrs. D—— is resolved to marry the old greasy curate. She was always High Church in an excessive degree, and you know she used to speak of Sacheverel as an Apostolick Saint, who was worthy to sit in the same place with St. Paul, if not a step above him. It is a matter, however, very doubtful to me, whether it is not still more the man than the apostle that Mrs. D— looks to in the present alliance. Tho' at the age of forty, she is, I assure you, very far from being cold and insensible; her fire may be covered with ashes, but it is not extinguished.—Don't be deceived, my dear, by that prudish and sanctified air.—Warm devotion;

* This and the following letters are now first published.

tion is no equivocal mark of warm passions; besides, I know it is a fact, of which I have proofs in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth, that our learned and holy prude is exceedingly disposed to use the means, supposed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The curate indeed is very filthy—Such a red, spongy, warty nose! Such a squint! In short, he is ugly beyond expression; and what ought naturally to render him peculiarly displeasing to one of Mrs. D——'s constitution and propensities, he is stricken in years. Nor do I really know how they will live. He has but forty-five pounds a year—the but a trifling sum; so that they are likely to feast upon love and ecclesiastical history, which will be very empty food without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's landlord, to give them a good lease; and if Mrs. D——, instead of spending whole days reading Collier, Hicks, and vile translations of Plato and Epic-tetus, will but form the resolution of taking
care

care of her house, and minding her dairy, things may go tolerably. It is not likely that their tender loves will give them many sweet babes to provide for.

I met the lover yesterday, going to the ale-house in his dirty night-gown, with a book under his arm to entertain the club; and as Mrs. D—— was with me at the time, I pointed out to her the charming creature: she blushed and looked prim; but quoted a passage out of Herodotus, in which it is said that the Persians wore long night-gowns. There is really no more accounting for the taste in marriage of many of our sex, than there is for the appetite of your neighbour Miss S—y, who makes such waste of chalk and charcoal when they fall in her way.

As marriage produces children, so children produce care and disputes, and wrangling, as is said (at least by old bachelors and old maids) is one of the sweets of the conjugal state: you tell me that our friend Mrs. ——, is at length
blessed

blessed with a son ; and that her husband, who
 is a great philosopher, (if his own testimony is
 to be depended upon) insists on her suck-
 ling it herself. You ask my advice on this
 matter, and to give it you frankly, I really
 think that Mr. ——'s demand is unreasonable,
 as his wife's constitution is tender, and her
 temper fretful. A true philosopher would
 consider these circumstances, but a pedant is
 always throwing his system in your face, and
 applies it equally to all things, times and places,
 just like a taylor who would make a coat
 out of his own head, without any regard to
 the bulk or figure of the person that must wear
 it. All those fine-spun arguments that he has
 drawn from nature to stop your mouths, weigh,
 I must own to you, but very little with me.—
 This same Nature is indeed a specious word,
 nay, there is a great deal in it, if it is properly
 understood and applied, but I cannot bear to
 hear people using it to justify what common
 sense must disavow. Is not Nature modified by
 art in many things? Was it not designed to be
 so?

so? And is it not happy for human society that it is so? Would you like to see your husband let his beard grow, until he would be obliged to put the end of it in his pocket, because this beard is the gift of Nature? The instincts of nature point out neither taylor, nor weaver, nor mantua-makers, nor sempsters, nor milliners: And yet I am very glad that we don't run naked like the Hottentots. But not to wander from the subject—I grant that nature has furnished the mother with milk to nourish her child; but I maintain at the same time, that if she can find better milk elsewhere, she ought to prefer it without hesitation. I don't see why she should have more scruple to do this, than her husband has to leave the clear fountain, which Nature gave him to quench his thirst, for stout Otober, Port, or Claret. Indeed, if Mrs. — was a buxom, sturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exercise, enjoyed proper returns of rest, and was free from violent passions (which you and I know is not the case) she might be a good nurse for her child;

child; but as matters stand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratifia, nor frets at quadrille, nor sits up 'till three in the morning elated with gain, or dejected with loss, I do not think that the milk of such a cow, or of a nurse that came as near it as possible, would be likely to nourish the young squire much better than her's. If it be true that the child sucks in the mother's passions with her milk, this is a strong argument in favour of the cow, unless you may be afraid that the young squire may become a calf; but how many calves are there both in state and church, who have been brought up with their mother's milk?

I promise faithfully to communicate to no mortal the letter you wrote me last—What you say of the two rebel lords, I believe to be true; but I can do nothing in the matter.—If my projects don't fail in the execution, I shall see you before a month passes. Give my service to Dr. Blackbeard—He is a good man, but I
never

never saw in my life such a persecuting face cover a humane and tender heart. I imagine (within myself) that the Smithfield priests, who burned the protestants in the time of Queen Mary, had just such faces as the doctor's. If we were papists I should like him very much for my confessor; his seeming austerity would give you and I a great reputation for sanctity, and his good indulgent heart would be the very thing that would suit us in the affair of penance and ghostly direction.

Farewell, my dear Lady, &c. &c.

L E T-

L E T T E R L I V .

To the Abbot of ———.

Vienna, January 2, O.S. 1717.

I AM really almost tired with the life of Vienna. I am not, indeed, an enemy to dissipation and hurry, much less to amusement and pleasure; but I cannot endure long even pleasure, when it is fettered with formality, and assumes the air of system. 'Tis true, I have had here some very agreeable connexions, and what will perhaps surprize you, have particular pleasure in my Spanish acquaintances, Count Oropeza and General Puebla. These two noblemen are much in the good graces of the Emperor, and yet they seem to be brewing mischief. The court of Madrid cannot reflect without pain upon the territories that were cut off from the Spanish monarchy by the peace of Utrecht, and it seems to be looking wishfully out for an
 oppor-

opportunity of getting them back again. That
 is a matter about which I trouble myself very
 little; let the court be in the right or in the
 wrong, I like mightily the two Counts, its
 ministers. I dined with them both some days
 ago at Count Wurmbrand's; an Aulic Coun-
 sellor and a man of letters, who is universally
 esteemed here. But the first man at this court
 in point of knowledge and abilities is certainly
 Count Schlick, High Chancellor of Bohemia,
 whose immense reading is accompanied with a
 fine taste and a solid judgment; he is a declared
 enemy to Prince Eugene, and a warm friend to
 the honest hot-headed Marshal Staremberg.
 One of the most accomplished men I have seen
 at Vienna is the young Count Tarrocco, who
 accompanies the amiable Prince of Portugal.
 I am almost in love with them both, and
 wonder to see such elegant manners, and such
 free and generous sentiments in two young men
 that have hitherto seen nothing but their own
 country. The Count is just such a Roman
 Catholic as you; he succeeds greatly with the
 Vol. II. L devout

devout beauties here; his first overtures in gallantry are disguised under the luscious strains of spiritual love, that were sung formerly by the sublimely voluptuous Fenelon, and the tender Madam Guion, who turned the fire of carnal love to divine objects; thus the Count begins with the spirit, and ends generally with the flesh, when he makes his addresses to holy virgins.

I made acquaintance yesterday with the famous poet Rousseau, who lives here under the peculiar protection of prince Eugene, by whose liberality he subsists. He passes here for a free-thinker, and, what is still worse in my esteem, for a man whose heart does not feel the encomiums he gives to virtue and honour in his poems. I like his odes mightily; they are much superior to the lyric productions of our English poets, few of whom have made any figure in that kind of poetry. I don't find that learned men abound here; there is indeed a prodigious number of Alchymists at Vienna;

Vienna; the philosopher's stone is the great object of zeal and science; and those who have more reading and capacity than the vulgar, have transported their superstition (shall I call it?) or fanaticism from religion to chymistry; and they believe in a new kind of transubstantiation, which is designed to make the laity as rich as the other kind has made the priesthood. This pestilential passion has already ruined several great houses. There is scarcely a man of opulence or fashion, that has not an Alchymist in his service, and even the Emperor is supposed to be no enemy to this folly in secret, though he has pretended to discourage it in publick.

Prince Eugene was so polite as to shew me his library yesterday; we found him attended by Rousseau, and his favourite Count Bonneval, who is a man of wit, and is here thought to be a very bold and enterprizing spirit. The library, tho' not very ample, is well chosen; but as the Prince will admit into it no editions but what are beautiful and pleasing to the eye,

and there are nevertheless numbers of excellent books that are but indifferently printed, this finikin and foppish taste makes many disagreeable chasms in this collection. The books are pompously bound in Turkey leather, and two of the most famous bookbinders of Paris were expressly sent for to do this work. Bonneval pleasantly told me that there were several quartos on the art of war, that were bound with the skins of Spahis and Janissaries; and this jest, which was indeed elegant, raised a smile of pleasure on the grave countenance of the famous warrior. The prince, who is a connoisseur in the fine arts, shewed me, with particular pleasure, the famous collection of portraits, that formerly belonged to Fouquet, and which he purchased at an excessive price. He has augmented it with a considerable number of new acquisitions, so that he has now in his possession such a collection in that kind as you will scarcely find in any ten cabinets in Europe. If I told you the number, you would say that I make an indiscreet

discreet use of the permission to lye, which is more or less given to travellers by the indulgence of the candid.

Count Tarrocco is just come in—He is the only person I have excepted this morning in my general order to receive no company.—I think I see you smile,—but I am not so far gone as to stand in need of absolution; tho' as the human heart is deceitful, and the Count very agreeable, you may think that even tho' I should not want an absolution, I would nevertheless be glad to have an indulgence.—No such thing.—However, as I am an heretick, and you no confessor, I shall make no declarations on this head.—The design of the Count's visit is a ball;—more pleasure.—I shall be surfeited.

Adieu, &c.

L E T-

LETTER LV.

To Mr. P.——.

Sept. 1, 1717.

WHEN I wrote to you last, Belgrade was in the hands of the Turks ; but at this present moment, it has changed masters, and is in the hands of the Imperialists. A Janissary, who in nine days, and yet without any wings but what a panick terror seems to have furnished, arrived at Constantinople from the army of the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr. W—— the news of a complete victory obtained by the Imperialists, commanded by Prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is said, the prince has discovered great conduct and valour in this action, and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has called him from the——(*here several words of the manuscript are effaced*).——Two days after the battle the town surrendered.

The

The consternation which this defeat has occasioned here, is inexpressible; and the Sultan apprehending a revolution from the resentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly fashion of this blessed government, by ordering several persons to be strangled who were the objects of his royal suspicion. He has also ordered his Treasurer to advance some months pay to the Janissaries, which seems the less necessary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity seems pretty well tamed by the publick contempt. Such of them as return in straggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not spirit nor credit enough to defend themselves from the insults of the mob; the very children taunt them, and the populace spit in their faces as they pass. They refused during the battle to lend their assistance to save the baggage and the military chest, which however were defended by the Bashaws and their retinue, while the

Janissaries

Janissares and Spahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You see here that I give you a very handsome return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a most agreeable account of your amiable connections with men of letters and taste, and of the delicious moments you pass in their society under the rural shade; and I exhibit to you in return, the barbarous spectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's throats. But what can you expect from such a country as this, from which the Muses have fled, from which letters seem eternally banished, and in which you see, in private scenes, nothing pursued as happiness but the refinements of an indolent voluptuousness, and where those who act upon the public theatre live in uncertainty, suspicion, and terror! Here pleasure, to which I am no enemy, when it is properly seasoned and of a good composition, is surely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant conversation, easy commerce,

merce, are unknown among the Turks ; and yet they seem capable of all these, if the vile spirit of their government did not stifle genius, damp curiosity, and suppress an hundred passions, that embellish and render life agreeable. The lascious passion of the Seraglio is the only one almost that is gratified here to the full, but it is blended so with the surly spirit of despotism in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this spirit produces in the other, that to one of my way of thinking it cannot appear otherwise than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related ; they enjoy a high degree of liberty, even in the bosom of servitude, and they have methods of evasion and disguise that are very favourable to gallantry ; but after all, they are still under uneasy apprehensions of being discovered ; and a discovery exposes them to the most merciless rage of jealousy, which is here a monster that cannot be satiated but with blood.

The

The magnificence and riches that reign in the apartments of the ladies of fashion here, seem to be one of their chief pleasures, joined with their retinue of female slaves, whose musick, dancing and dress amuse them highly;—but there is such an air of form and stiffness amidst this grandeur, as hinders it from pleasing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at first sight. This stiffness and formality of manners are peculiar to the Turkish ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite another character and complexion; with them pleasure appears in more engaging forms, and their persons, manners, conversation and amusements are very far from being destitute of elegance and ease.—

I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprise, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and I really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post

a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatick, and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground classick ground; nor will you refuse our present Secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of; one a secretary of state, the other enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments; and you, though your religious profession is an obstacle to court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the philosopher's stone,

stone, since by making the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible into an English form, without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pæctolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the Philosopher's stone, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. A——n and T——l tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial——while you touched the mantle of the divine Bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the Odyssey soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller Ulysses, who was an observer of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed son of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the Iliad does not depend upon his merit or dignity, but I wish, nevertheless, that Homer had chosen a Hero somewhat less pettish and less

less fantastick : a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninstruative; but it is also true that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as extremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critick; so I take my leave of you for this time, and desire you will believe me, with the highest esteem,

Yours, &c.

LET.

*LETTER LVI.

To the Countess of ———

Saturday—Florence.

I SET out from Bologna the moment I had finished the letter I wrote you on Monday last, and shall now continue to inform you of the things that have struck me most in this excursion. Sad roads—hilly and rocky——between Bologna and Fierenzuolo. Between this latter place and Florence, I went out of my road to visit the monastery of La Trappe, which is of French origin, and one of the most austere and self-denying orders I have met with. In this gloomy retreat it gave me pain to observe the infatuation of men,

**As this letter is the supplement to a preceding one, which is not come to the hands of the Editor, it was, probably on that account, sent without a date. It seems evidently to have been written after lady M. W. M. had fixed her residence in Italy.*

who

who have devoutly reduced themselves to a much worse condition than that of the beasts. Folly, you see, is the lot of humanity, whether it arises in the flowery paths of pleasure, or the thorny ones of an ill-judged devotion. But of the two sorts of fools, I shall always think that the merry one has the most eligible fate; and I cannot well form a notion of that spiritual and extatick joy, that is mixed with sighs, groans, hunger, and thirst, and the other complicated miseries of monastick discipline. It is a strange way of going to work for happiness to excite an enmity between soul and body, which Nature and Providence have designed to live together in union and friendship, and which we cannot separate like man and wife when they happen to disagree. The profound silence that is enjoined upon the monks of La Trappe, is a singular circumstance of their unsociable and unnatural discipline; and were this injunction never to be dispensed with, it would be needless to visit them in any other character than as a collection

tion

tion of statues; but the superior of the convent suspended in our favour, that rigorous law, and allowed one of the mutes to converse with me, and answer a few discreet questions. He told me that the monks of this order in France are still more austere than those of Italy, as they never taste wine, flesh, fish or eggs; but live entirely upon vegetables. The story that is told of the institution of this order is remarkable, and is well attested, if my information be good. Its founder was a French nobleman whose name was *Bouthillier de Rancé*, a man of pleasure and gallantry, which were converted into the deepest gloom of devotion by the following incident. His affairs obliged him to absent himself, for some time, from a lady with whom he had lived in the most intimate and tender connections of successful love. At his return to Paris he proposed to surprise her agreeably, and, at the same time, to satisfy his own impatient desire of seeing her, by going directly and without ceremony to her apartment by a back stair, which he was well acquainted

acquainted with—but think of the spectacle that presented itself to him at his entrance into the chamber that had so often been the scene of love's highest raptures ! his mistress dead—dead of the small pox—disfigured beyond expression—a loathsome mass of putrified matter—and the surgeon separating the head from the body, because the coffin had been made too short ! He stood for a moment motionless in amazement, and filled with horror—and then retired from the world, shut himself up in the convent of La Trappe, where he passed the remainder of his days in the most cruel and disconsolate devotion.—Let us quit this sad subject.

I must not forget to tell you that before I came to this monastery I went to see the burning mountain near Fierenzuola, of which the naturalists speak as a great curiosity. The flame it sends forth is without smoke, and resembles brandy set on fire. The ground about it is well cultivated, and the fire appears only in one spot where there is a cavity whose circumference

cumference is small, but in it are several crevices whose depths are unknown. It is remarkable that when a piece of wood is thrown into this cavity, though it cannot pass through the crevices, yet it is consumed in a moment, and that though the ground about it be perfectly cold, yet if a stick be rubbed with any force against it, it emits a flame, which, however, is neither hot nor durable like that of the Volcano. If you desire a more circumstantial account of this phenomenon, and have made a sufficient progress in Italian to read father Carazzi's description of it, you need not be at a loss, for I have sent this description to Mr. F——, and you have only to ask it of him. After observing the Volcano, I scrambled up all the neighbouring hills, partly on horseback, partly on foot, but could find no vestige of fire in any of them; though common report would make one believe that they all contain volcanos.

I hope you have not taken it in your head to expect from me a description of the famous gallery

gallery here, where I arrived on Thursday at noon; this would be requiring a volume instead of a letter; besides, I have as yet seen but a part of this immense treasure, and I propose employing some weeks more to survey the whole. You cannot imagine any situation more agreeable than Florence. It lies in a fertile and smiling valley watered by the Arno, which runs through the city, and nothing can surpass the beauty and magnificence of its public buildings, particularly the cathedral, whose grandeur filled me with astonishment. The palaces, squares, fountains, statues, bridges, do not only carry an aspect full of elegance and greatness, but discover a taste quite different, in kind, from that which reigns in the public edifices in other countries. The more I see of Italy, the more I am persuaded that the Italians have a stile (if I may use that expression) in every thing, which distinguishes them almost essentially from all other Europeans. Where they have got it,—whether from natural genius or ancient imitation and inheritance,

I shall not examine; but the fact is certain. I have been but one day in the gallery, that amazing repository of the most precious remains of antiquity, and which alone is sufficient to immortalize the illustrious house of Medicis, by whom it was built, and enriched as we now see it. I was so impatient to see the famous Venus of Medicis, that I went hastily through six apartments in order to get a sight of this divine figure, purposing when I had satisfied this ardent curiosity, to return and view the rest at my leisure. As I, indeed, passed thro' the great room which contains the ancient statues, I was stopped short at viewing the Antinous, which they have placed near that of Adrian, to revive the remembrance of their preposterous loves, which I suppose the Florentines rather look upon as an object of envy, than of horror and disgust. This statue, like that of the Venus de Medicis, spurns description: such figures my eyes never beheld — I can now understand that Ovid's comparing a fine woman to a statue, which I formerly thought

thought a very disobliging similitude, was the nicest and highest piece of flattery. The Antinous is entirely naked; all its parts are bigger than nature; but the whole, taken together, and the fine attitude of the figure, carry such an expression of ease, elegance, and grace, as no words can describe. When I saw the Venus I was wrapped in wonder,—and I could not help casting a thought back upon Antinous. They ought to be placed together. They are worthy of each other.—If marble could see and feel, the separation might be prudent.—If it could only *see*, it would certainly lose its coldness and learn to feel, and in such a case the charms of these two figures would produce an effect quite opposite to that of the Gorgon's head, which turned flesh into stone. Did I pretend to describe to you the Venus, it would only set your imagination at work to form ideas of her figure, and your ideas would no more resemble that figure, than the Portuguese face of Miss N——, who has enchanted our knight, resembles the sweet and

graceful countenance of Lady ——, his former flame. The description of a face or figure is a needless thing, as it never conveys a true idea ; it only gratifies the imagination with a fantastick one, until the real one is seen. So, my dear, if you have a mind to form a true notion of the divine forms and features of the Venus and Antinous, come to Florence,

I would be glad to oblige you and your friend Vertue, by executing your commission with respect to the sketches of Raphael's cartoons at Hampton-Court ; but I cannot do it to my satisfaction. I have, indeed, seen in the Grand Duke's collection, four pieces, in which that wonderful artist had thrown freely from his pencil the first thoughts and rude lines of some of those compositions ; and as the first thoughts of a great genius are precious, these pieces attracted my curiosity in a particular manner ; but when I went to examine them closely, I found them so damaged and effaced, that they did not at all answer my expectation,

Whether

Whether this be owing to negligence or envy, I cannot say; I mention the latter, because it is notorious that many of the modern painters have discovered ignoble marks of envy at a view of the inimitable productions of the ancients. Instead of employing their art to preserve the master-pieces of antiquity, they have endeavoured to destroy and efface many of them. I have seen with my own eyes an evident proof of this at Bologna, where the greatest part of the paintings in fresco on the walls of the convent of St. Michael in Bosco, done by the Carracci and Guido Rheni, have been ruined by the painters, who after having copied some of the finest heads, scraped them almost entirely out with nails. Thus you see nothing is exempt from human malignity.

The word malignity, and a passage in your letter, call to my mind the wicked wasp of Twickenham: his lies affect me now no more; they will be all as much despised as the story of the seraglio and the handkerchief, of which I am persuaded he was the only inventor.

ventor. That man has a malignant and ungenerous heart; and he is base enough to assume the mask of a moralist, in order to decry human nature, and to give a decent vent to his hatred of man and woman kind.—But I must quit this contemptible subject on which a just indignation would render my pen so fertile, that after having fatigued you with a long letter, I should surfeit you with a supplement twice as long. Besides, a violent head-ach advertises me that it is time to lay down my pen and get me to bed. I shall say some things to you in my next that I would have you to impart to the strange man, as from yourself. My mind is at present tolerably quiet; if it were as dead to sin, as it is to certain connexions, I should be a great saint. Adieu, my dear Madam.

Your's very affectionately, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R LVII.

To Mr. P——,

I HAVE been running about Paris at a strange rate with my sister, and strange sights have we seen. They are, at least, strange sights to me, for after having been accustomed to the gravity of the Turks, I can scarcely look with an easy and familiar aspect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here, and I often think that I am at a puppet-show amidst the representations of real life. I stare prodigiously, but nobody remarks it, for every body stares here; staring is a-la-mode—there is a stare of attention and *intérêt*, a stare of curiosity, a stare of expectation, a stare of surprise, and it would greatly amuse you to see what trifling objects excite all this staring. This staring would have rather a solemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning, for at the end of a stare there

there comes always a grin, and very commonly the entrance of a gentlemen or a lady into a room is accompanied with a grin, which is designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really shews nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles that must make a stranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin is equally remote from the chearful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh. I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, tho' this I believe would require but little study, as there is no great depth in either. It appears on a superficial view, to be a frivolous, restless, and agreeable people. The Abbot is my guide, and I could not easily light upon a better; he tells me that here the women form the character of the men, and I am convinced in the persuasion of this by every company into which I enter. There seems here to be no intermediate state between infancy and manhood; for as soon as the boy has

has quit his leading-strings, he is set agog in the world; the ladies are his tutors, they make the first impressions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous by the imitation of their humours and graces, so that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of sixty. Does not King David say somewhere, that *Man walketh in a vain shew*? I think he does, and I am sure this is peculiarly true of the Frenchman—but he walks merrily and seems to enjoy the vision, and may he not therefore be esteemed more happy than many of our solid thinkers whose brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whose wisdom is so often cloathed with a rusty mantle of spleen and vapours?

What delights me most here is a view of the magnificence, often accompanied with taste, that reigns in the King's palaces and gardens; for tho' I don't admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the statues, paintings, and other decorations afford me
high

high entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that struck me most in the gardens of Versailles, was the famous Cöllofsean statue of Jupiter, the workmanship of Myron, which Mark Anthony carried away from Samos, and Augustus ordered to be placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian marble, and tho' it has suffered in the ruin of time, it still preserves striking lines of majesty. But surely, if marble could feel, the God would frown with a generous indignation to see himself transported from the Capitol into a French garden ; and after having received the homage of the Roman emperors, who laid their laurels at his feet when they returned from their conquests, to behold now nothing but frizzled beaus passing by him with indifference.

I propose setting out soon from this place, so that you are to expect no more letters from this side of the water ; besides, I am hurried to death, and my head swims with that vast variety of objects which I am obliged to view with such rapidity, the shortness of my time
not

not allowing me to examine them at my leisure. There is here an excessive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament without end or measure. It is time however, that I should put an end to my letter; so I wish you good night,

And am, &c.

LET.

LETTER LVIII.

To the Count ———.

Translated from the French.

I AM charmed, Sir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive by the largeness of my paper, that I intend to give punctual answers to all your questions, at least if my French will permit me; for as it is a language I do not understand to perfection, so I much fear, that, for want of expressions, I shall be quickly obliged to finish. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language; and be sure to attribute all the impertinences and triflings dropping from my pen, to the want of proper words for declaring my thoughts, but by no means to dulness, or natural levity.

These conditions being thus agreed and settled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the Alcoran, concerning which,
the

the Greek priests (who are the greatest scoundrels in the universe) have invented out of their own heads a thousand ridiculous stories, in order to decry the law of Mahomet ; to run it down, I say, without any examination, or so much as letting the people read it ; being afraid that if once they began to sift the defects of the Alcoran, they might not stop there, but proceed to make use of their judgment, about their own legends and fictions. In effect, there is nothing so like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans ; and the last have multitudes of saints, at whose tombs miracles are by them said to be daily performed ; nor are the accounts of the lives of those blessed Mussulmans much less stuffed with extravagancies, than the spiritual romances of the Greek Papas.

As to your next enquiry, I assure you it is certainly false, though commmoly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any share in a future happy state. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the
fair

fair sex too well, to use them so barbarously. On the contrary, he promises a very fine paradise to the Turkish women. He says, indeed, that this paradise will be a separate place from that of their husbands; but I fancy the most part of them won't like it the worse for that; and that the regret of this separation will not render their paradise the less agreeable. It remains to tell you, that the virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit the enjoyment of future happiness, are not to live in such a manner as to become useless to the word, but to employ themselves, as much as possible, in making little Mussulmans. The virgins who die virgins, and the widows who marry not again, dying in mortal sin, are excluded out of paradise: for women, says he, not being capable to manage the affairs of state, nor to support the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world; but he has entrusted them with an office which is not less honourable, even that of multiplying the human race, and such as,

out

out of malice or laziness, do not make it their business to bear or to breed children, fulfil not the duty of their vocation, and rebel against the commands of God. Here are maxims for you, prodigiously contrary to those of your convents. What will become of your St. Catharines, your St. Theresas, your St. Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows? who, if they are to be judged by this system of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that passed their whole lives in a most abominable libertinism.

I know not what your thoughts may be concerning a doctrine so extraordinary with respect to us; but I can truly inform you, Sir, that the Turks are not so ignorant as we fancy them to be, in matters of politicks, or philosophy, or even of gallantry. It is true, that military discipline, such as now practised in Christendom, does not mightily suit them. A long peace has plunged them into an universal sloth. Content with their condition, and accustomed to boundless luxury, they are become great

enemies to all manner of fatigues. But to make amends, the sciences flourish among them. The effendis (that is to say, the learned) do very well deserve this name: They have no more faith in the inspiration of Mahomet, than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profession of deism among themselves, or to those they can trust, and never speak of the law but as of a politick institution, fit now to be observed by wise men, however at first introduced by politicians and enthusiasts.

If I remember right, I think I have told you in some former letter, that at Belgrade we lodged with a great and rich effendi, a man of wit and learning, and of a very agreeable humour. We were in his house about a month, and he did constantly eat with us, drinking wine without any scruple. As I rallied him a little on this subject, he answered me, smiling, that all creatures in the world were made for the pleasure of man; and that God would not have let the vine grow, were
it

it a sin to taste of its juice : but that nevertheless the law, which forbids the use of it to the vulgar, was very wise, because such sort of folks have not sense enough to take it with moderation. This effendi appeared no stranger to the parties that prevail among us : nay, he seemed to have some knowledge of our religious disputes, and even of our writers : and I was surprised to hear him ask, among other things, how Mr. Toland did ?

My paper, large as it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I must leap from religion to tulips, concerning which you ask me news. Their mixture produces surprising effects. But what is to be observed most surprising, is the experiments of which you speak concerning animals, and which is tried here every day. The suburbs of Pera, Jophana, and Galata, are collections of strangers from all countries of the universe. They have so often intermarried, that this forms several races of people, the oddest imaginable. There is not one single family of

N 2

natives,

natives, that can value itself on being unmixed. You frequently see a person whose father was born a Grecian, the mother an Italian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their ancestors English, Muscovites, Asiatics, &c.

This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine: nor could I ever doubt, but there were several different species of men; since the whites, the woolly and the long haired blacks, the small eyed Tartars and Chinese, the beardless Brasilians, and (to name no more) the oily-skinned yellow Nova Zemblians, have as specific differences under the same general kind, as greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, bull-dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if nobody is offended at the comparison. Now, as the various intermixing of these latter animals causes mungrels, so mankind have their mungrels too, divided and subdivided into endless sorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the same animal is not seldom remarked the
Greek

Greek perfidiousness, the Italian diffidence, the Spanish arrogance, the French loquacity, and all of a sudden he is seized with a fit of English thoughtfulness, bordering a little upon dulness, which many of us have inherited from the stupidity of our Saxon progenitors. But the family which charms me most, is that which proceeds from the fantastical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As these are nature's opposite in extremes, 'tis a pleasure to observe how the differing atoms are perpetually jarring together in the children, even so as to produce effects visible in their external form. They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fishy flesh of Holland, and a lively air streaked with dulness. At one and the same time, they shew that love of expensiveness, so universal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To give an example of this; young women ruin themselves to purchase jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new shoes.

shoes, or rather slippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition; a thing so contrary to the taste of our English women, that it is for shewing how neatly their feet are dressed, and for shewing this only, they are so passionately enamoured with their hoop-petticoats. I have abundance of their singularities to communicate to you, but I am at the end both of my French and my paper.

Concerning Monsieur de la ROCHEFOUCAULT'S
 Maxim——“*That Marriage is sometimes con-
 venient, but never delightful.*”

IT may be thought a presumptuous attempt in me to controvert a maxim advanced by such a celebrated genius as Monsieur Rochefoucalt, and received with such implicit faith by a nation which boasts of superior politeness to the rest of the world, and which for a long time past has prescribed the rules of gallantry to all Europe.

Nevertheless, prompted by that ardour which truth inspires, I dare to maintain the contrary, and resolutely insist, that there are some marriages formed by love, which may be delightful, where the affections are sympathetic. Nature has presented us with pleasures suitable to our species, and we need only to follow her impulse, refined by taste and exalted by a lively and agreeable imagination, in order to attain the most perfect felicity of which human
 nature

nature is susceptible : ambition, avarice, vanity, when enjoyed in the most exquisite perfection, can yield but trifling and tasteless pleasures, which will be too inconsiderable to affect a mind of delicate sensibility.

We may consider the gifts of fortune as so many steps necessary to arrive at felicity, which we can never attain, being obliged to set bounds to our desires, and being only gratified with some of her frivolous favours, which are nothing more than the torments of life, when they are considered as the necessary means to acquire or preserve a more exquisite felicity.

This felicity consists alone in friendship founded on mutual esteem, fixed by gratitude, supported by inclination, and animated by the tender solitudes of Love, whom the ancients have admirably described under the appearance of a beautiful infant : it is pleased with infantine amusements, it is delicate and affectionate, incapable of mischief, delighted with trifles ; its pleasures are gentle and innocent.

They

They have given a very different representation of another passion too gross to be mentioned, but of which alone men in general are susceptible. This they have described under the figure of a satyr, who has more of the brute than of the man in his composition. By this fabulous animal they have expressed a passion, which is the real foundation of all the fine exploits of modish gallantry, and which only endeavours to glut its appetite with the possession of the object which is most lovely in its estimation: a passion founded in injustice, supported by deceit, and attended by crimes, remorse, jealousy and contempt. Can such an affection be delightful to a virtuous mind? Nevertheless such is the delightful attendant on all illicit engagements; gallants are obliged to abandon all those sentiments of honour which are inseparable from a liberal education, and are doomed to live wretchedly in the constant pursuit of what reason condemns, to have all their pleasures embittered by remorse, and to be reduced to the deplorable condition

condition of having renounced virtue, without being able to make vice agreeable.

It is impossible to taste the delights of love in perfection, but in a well assorted marriage; nothing betrays such a narrowness of mind as to be governed by words. What tho' custom, for which good reasons may be assigned, has made the words husband and wife somewhat ridiculous: A husband, in common acceptation, signifies a jealous brute, a surly tyrant: or at best a weak fool, who may be made to believe any thing. A wife is a domestic termagant, who is destined to deceive or torment the poor devil of a husband. The conduct of married people in general sufficiently justifies these two characters.

But, as I said before, Why should words impose upon us? A well regulated marriage is not like these connections of interest or ambition. A fond couple attached to each other by mutual affection, are two lovers who live happily together. Though the priest pronounces certain words, though the lawyer draws
up

up certain instruments ; yet I look on these preparatives in the same light as a lover considers a rope-ladder which he fastens to his mistress's window : If they can but live together, what does it signify by what price or by what means their union is accomplished ? Where love is real and well founded, it is impossible to be happy but in the quiet enjoyment of the beloved object, and the price at which it is obtained does not lessen the vivacity and delights of a passion such as my imagination conceives. If I was inclined to romance, I would not picture images of true happiness in Arcadia. I am not prudish enough to confine the delicacy of affection to wishes only. I would open my romance with the marriage of a couple united by sentiment, taste and inclination. Can we conceive a higher felicity than the blending of their interests and lives in such an union ? The lover has the pleasure of giving his mistress the last testimony of esteem and confidence, and she in return commits her peace and liberty to his protection.

tion. Can they exchange more dear and affectionate pledges? Is it not natural, to give the most incontestable proofs of that tenderness with which our minds are impressed? I am sensible that some are so nice as to maintain that the pleasures of love are derived from the dangers and difficulties with which it is attended; they very pertly observe that a rose would not be a rose without thorns. There are a thousand insipid remarks of this sort, which make so little impression on me, that I am persuaded, was I a lover, the dread of injuring my mistress would make me unhappy, if the enjoyment of her was attended with danger to herself.

Two married lovers lead very different lives: they have the pleasure to pass their time in a successive intercourse of mutual obligations, and marks of benevolence, and they have the delight to find that each forms the entire happiness of the beloved object. Herein consists perfect felicity. The most trivial concerns of œconomy become noble and elegant when they

they are exalted by sentiments of affection ; to furnish an apartment, is not barely to furnish an apartment ; it is a place where I expect my lover ; to prepare a supper is not merely giving orders to my cook ; it is an amusement to regale the object I doat on. In this light a woman considers these necessary occupations as more lively and affecting pleasures, than those gaudy sights which amuse the greater part of the sex, who are incapable of true enjoyment.

A fixed and affectionate attachment softens every emotion of the soul, and renders every object agreeable which presents itself to the happy lover (I mean one who is married to his mistress). If he exercises any employment, the fatigues of the camp, the troubles of the court, all become agreeable when he reflects that he endures these inconveniences to serve the object of his affections. If fortune is favourable to him, for success does not depend on merit, all the advantages it procures, are so many tributes which he thinks due to the charms of the lovely fair ; and in gratifying
this

this ambition, he feels a more lively pleasure, and more worthy of an honest man, than that of raising his fortune and gaining public applause. He enjoys glory, titles, and riches no farther than as they regard her he loves; and when he attracts the approbation of a senate, the applause of an army, or the commendation of his prince, it is her praises which ultimately flatter him.

In a reverse of fortune, he has the consolation of retiring to one who is affected by his disgrace; and, locked in her embraces, he has the satisfaction of giving utterance to the following tender reflections. “ My happiness
 “ does not depend on the caprice of fortune;
 “ I have a constant asylum against inquietude.
 “ Your esteem renders me insensible of the
 “ injustice of a court, or the ingratitude of a
 “ master, and my losses afford me a kind of
 “ pleasure, since they furnish me with fresh
 “ proofs of your virtue and affection. Of
 “ what use is grandeur to those who are al-
 “ ready happy? We have no need of flatterers,

“ We,

"we want no equipages, I reign in your affections, and I enjoy every delight in the possession of your person."

In short there is no situation in which melancholy may not be assuaged by the company of the beloved object. Sickness itself is not without its alleviation, when we have the pleasure of being attended by her we love. I should never conclude, if I attempted to give a detail of all the delights of an attachment, wherein we meet with every thing which can flatter the senses with the most lively and diffusive raptures. But I must not omit taking notice of the pleasure of beholding the lovely pledges of a tender friendship, daily growing up, and of amusing ourselves, according to our different sexes, in training them to perfection. We give way to this agreeable instinct of nature, refined by love. In a daughter we praise the beauty of her mother ; in a son, we commend the understanding, and the appearance of innate probity which we esteem in his father. It is a pleasure which, according

ing to Moses, the Almighty himself enjoyed, when he beheld the work of his hands, and saw that all was good.

Speaking of Moses, I cannot forbear observing that the primitive plan of felicity infinitely surpasses all others, and I cannot form an idea of Paradise, more like a Paradise, than the state in which our first parents were placed: that proved of short duration, because they were unacquainted with the world, and it is for the same reason that so few love-matches prove happy. Eve was like a silly child, and Adam was not much enlightened. When such people come together, their being amorous is to no purpose, for their affections must necessarily be short-lived. In the transports of their love, they form supernatural ideas of each other. The man thinks his mistress an angel because she is handsome, and she is enraptured with the merit of her lover, because he adores her. The first decay of her complexion deprives her of his adoration, and the husband being no longer an adorer, becomes

becomes hateful to her, who had no other foundation for her love. By degrees they grow disgustful to each other, and after the example of our first parents they do not fail to reproach each other with the crime of their mutual imbecility. After indifference, contempt comes apace, and they are convinced that they must hate each other, because they are married. Their smallest defects swell in each other's view, and they grow blind to those charms which, in any other object, would affect them. A commerce founded merely on sensation can be attended with no other consequences.

A man, when he marries the object of his affections, should forget that she appears to him adorable, and should consider her merely as a mortal, subject to disorders, caprice and ill-temper ; he should arm himself with fortitude to bear the loss of her beauty, and should provide himself with a fund of complaisance which is requisite to support a constant intercourse with a person even of the

highest understanding and the greatest equanimity. The wife, on the other hand, should not expect a continued course of adulation and obedience ; she should dispose herself to obey in her turn with a good grace ; a science very difficult to attain, and consequently the more estimable in the opinion of a man who is sensible of the merit. She should endeavour to revive the charms of the mistress, by the solidity and good sense of the friend.

When a pair, who entertain such rational sentiments, are united by indissoluble bonds, all nature smiles upon them, and the most common appear delightful. In my opinion, such a life is infinitely more happy and more voluptuous, than the most ravishing and best regulated gallantry.

A woman, who is capable of reflection, can consider a gallant in no other light than that of a seducer, who would take advantage of her weakness, to procure a momentary pleasure at the expence of her glory, her peace, her honour,

honour, and perhaps her life. A highwayman who claps a pistol to your breast, to rob you of your purse, is less dishonest and less guilty; and I have so good an opinion of myself as to believe that if I was a man, I should be as capable of assuming the character of an assassin, as that of defiling an honest woman, esteemed in the world and happy in her husband, by inspiring her with a passion to which she must sacrifice her honour, her tranquility and her virtue.

Should I make her despicable, who appears amiable in my eyes? Should I reward her tenderness, by making her abhorred by her family, by rendering her children indifferent to her, and her husband detestable? I believe that these reflections would have appeared to me in as strong a light, as if my sex had not rendered them excusable in such cases; and I hope that I should have had more sense than to imagine vice the less vicious because it is the fashion.

N. B. I am much pleased with the Turkish manners: a people, though ignorant, yet in my judgment extremely polite. A gallant convicted of having debauched a married woman is regarded as a pernicious being, and held in the same abhorrence as a prostitute with us. He is certain of never making his fortune, and they would deem it scandalous to confer any considerable employment on a man suspected of having committed such enormous injustice.

What would these moral people think of our anti-knights errant, who are ever in pursuit of adventures to reduce innocent virgins to distress, and to rob virtuous women of their honour; who regard beauty, youth, rank, nay virtue itself, as so many incentives, which inflame their desires, and render their efforts more eager; and who, priding themselves in the glory of appearing expert seducers, forget that with all their endeavours, they can only acquire the second rank in that noble order, the Devil having long since been in possession of the first.

Our

Our barbarous manners are so well calculated for the establishment of vice and wretchedness, which are ever inseparable, that it requires a degree of understanding and sensibility infinitely above the common, to relish the felicity of a marriage such as I have described. Nature is so weak, and so prone to change, that it is difficult to maintain the best grounded constancy, in the midst of those dissipations, which our ridiculous customs have rendered unavoidable.

It must pain an amorous husband to see his wife take all the fashionable liberties; it seems harsh not to allow them, and to be conformable he is reduced to the necessity of letting every one take them that will, to hear her impart the charms of her understanding to all the world, to see her display her bosom at noon-day, to behold her bedeck herself for the ball, and for the play, and attract a thousand and a thousand adorers, and listen to the insipid flattery of a thousand and a thousand coxcombs. Is it possible to preserve an

esteem for such a creature, or at least must not her value be greatly diminished by such a commerce ?

I must still resort to the maxims of the East, where the most beautiful women are content to confine the power of their charms to him who has a right to enjoy them ; and they are too sincere not to confess, that they think themselves capable of exciting desires,

I recollect a conversation that I had with a lady of great quality at Constantinople, (the most amiable woman I ever knew in my life, and with whom I afterwards contracted the closest friendship.) She frankly acknowledged that she was satisfied with her husband. What libertines, said she, you Christian ladies are ! You are permitted to receive visits from as many men as you think proper, and your laws allow you the unlimited use of love and wine. I assured her that she was wrong informed, and that it was criminal to listen to, or to love, any other than our husbands. “ Your husbands

"husbands are great fools, she replied smiling,
 "to be content with so precarious a fidelity,
 "Your necks, your eyes, your hands, your
 "conversation are all for the publick, and
 "what do you pretend to reserve for them?
 "Pardon me, my pretty Sultana, she added,
 "embracing me, I have a strong inclination
 "to believe all that you tell me, but you
 "would impose impossibilities upon me. I
 "know the filthiness of the infidels; I per-
 "ceive that you are ashamed, and I will say
 "no more.

I found so much good sense and propriety
 in what she said, that I knew not how to con-
 tradict her, and at length I acknowledged that
 she had reason to prefer the Mahometan man-
 ners to our ridiculous customs, which form
 a confused medley of the rigid maxims of
 Christianity, with all the libertinism of the
 Spartans: And notwithstanding our absurd
 manners, I am persuaded that a woman who
 is determined to place her happiness in her
 husband's affections, should abandon the ex-
 travagant

travagant desire of engaging public adoration; and that a husband who tenderly loves his wife, should, in his turn, give up the reputation of being a gallant. You find that I am supposing a very extraordinary pair; it is not very surprising therefore, that such an union should be uncommon in those countries, where it is requisite to conform to established customs in order to be happy.

VERSES

V E R S E S

Written in the CHIASK at PERA, overlooking
CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 26, 1718.

By Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

GIVE me, great God! said I, a little farm,
In Summer shady, and in Winter warm :
Where a clear spring gives birth to murmuring brooks,
By nature gliding down the massy rocks.
Not artfully by leaden pipes convey'd,
Or greatly falling in a forc'd cascade,
Pure and unfully'd winding thro' the shade. }
All bounteous Heaven has added to my prayer
A softer climate, and a purer air.
Our frozen isle now chilling Winter binds,
Deform'd by rains, and rough with blasting winds ;
The wither'd woods grow white with hoary frost,
By driving storms their verdant beauty lost ;
The trembling birds their leafless covert shun,
And seek in distant climes a warmer sun :

The

The water-nymphs their silent urns deplore,
 Ev'n Thames benumb'd's a river now no more:
 The barren meads no longer yield delight,
 By glistring snows made painful to the sight.

Here Summer reigns with one eternal smile,
 Succeeding harvests bless the happy soil.
 Fair fertile fields, to whom indulgent Heav'n
 Has ev'ry charm of ev'ry season given,
 No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,
 The springing flowers no coming winter fear,
 But as the parent Rose decays and dies,
 The infant-buds with brighter colours rise,
 And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies.
 Near them the Violet grows with odours blest,
 And blooms in more than Tyrian purple drest;
 The rich Jonquils their golden beams display,
 And shine in glories emulating day;
 The peaceful groves their verdant leaves retain,
 The streams still murmur, undefil'd with rain,
 And tow'ring greens adorn the fruitful plain.
 The warbling kind uninterrupted sing,
 Warm'd with enjoyments of perpetual Spring.

Here at my window I at once survey
 The crouded city and resounding sea;

In distant views the Asian mountains rise,
 And lose their snowy summits in the skies :
 Above those mountains proud Olympus towers,
 The parliamentary seat of heavenly powers.
 New to the sight, my ravish'd eyes admire
 Each gilded crescent and each antique spire,
 The marble mosques beneath whose ample domes,
 Fierce warlike Sultans sleep in peaceful tombs ;
 Those lofty structures, once the Christians boast,
 Their names, their beauty, and their honours lost ;
 Those altars bright with gold and sculpture grac'd,
 By barb'rous zeal of savage foes defac'd ;
 Sophia alone her ancient name retains,
 Tho' unbelieving vows her shrine profanes ;
 Where holy saints have died in sacred cells,
 Where monarchs pray'd, the frantic Dervise dwells.
 How art thou fall'n, imperial city, low !
 Where are thy hopes of Roman glory now ?
 Where are thy palaces by prelates rais'd,
 Where Grecian artists all their skill display'd,
 Before the happy sciences decay'd ?
 So vast, that youthful kings might here reside,
 So splendid, to content a patriarch's pride ;
 Convents where emperors profess'd of old,
 Their labour'd pillars that their triumphs told ?

Vain

Vain monuments of them that once were great,
 Sunk undistinguish'd by one common fate;
 One little spot the tenure small contains,
 Of Greek nobility, the poor remains.
 Where other Helens, with like powerful charms,
 Have once engag'd the warring world in arms;
 Those names which royal ancestors can boast,
 In mean mechanic arts obscurely lost;
 Those eyes a second Homer might inspire,
 Fix'd at the loom destroy their useless fire.

Griev'd at a view which struck upon my mind
 The short-liv'd vanity of human-kind,
 In gaudy objects I indulge my sight,
 And turn where Eastern pomp gives gay delight.
 See the vast train in various habits dress'd,
 By the bright scymitar and sable vest,
 The proud Vizier distinguish'd o'er the rest;
 Six slaves in gay attire his bridle hold,
 His bridle rich with gems, and stirrups gold;
 His snowy steed adorn'd with costly pride,
 Whole troops of soldiers mounted by his side,
 These top the plummy crest Arabian courfers guide.
 With artful duty all decline their eyes,
 No bellowing shouts of noisy crouds arise;

Silence

Silence in solemn state the march attends,
 'Till at the dread Divan the slow procession ends.

Yet not these prospects all profusely gay,
 The gilded navy that adorns the sea,
 The rising city in confusion fair,
 Magnificently form'd irregular ;
 Where woods and palaces at once surprize,
 Gardens on gardens, domes on domes arise, }
 And endless beauties tire the wand'ring eyes ;
 So sooth my wishes, or so charm my mind,
 As this retreat secure from human kind.
 No knave's successful craft does spleen excite,
 No coxcomb's taudry splendour shocks my fight,
 No mob alarm awakes my female fear, }
 No praise my mind, nor envy hurts my ear,
 Ev'n fame itself can hardly reach me here :
 Impertinence with all her tattling train,
 Fair-sounding flattery's delicious bane ;
 Censorious folly, noisy party-rage, }
 The thousand tongues with which she must engage,
 Who dares have virtue in a vicious age.

V E R S E S

T O T H E

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

By Mr. P O P E.

I.

IN beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning,
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd;
So Papists refuse
The bible to use,
Left flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas

III.

'Twas a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight;
And sages agree,
The law should decree
To the first possessor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Renew the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong,
And let them receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only *one apple* had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the *whole tree*?

(27)

III

There is a great deal of
work to be done in the
field of the study of the
history of the people of the
United States. It is a
subject which has of late
years attracted much of the
attention of the public mind.
It is a subject which is
of great importance to the
people of the United States.
It is a subject which is
of great interest to the
people of the United States.

There is a great deal of
work to be done in the
field of the study of the
history of the people of the
United States. It is a
subject which has of late
years attracted much of the
attention of the public mind.
It is a subject which is
of great importance to the
people of the United States.
It is a subject which is
of great interest to the
people of the United States.

FOOTNOTES

P O E M S

By the Right Honourable

Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

T O W N E C L O G U E S *.

M O N D A Y.

ROXANA, or, the *Drawing-Room*.

ROXANA from the court retiring late,
Sigh'd her soft sorrows at *St. James's* gate.
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast,
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppress'd;

* Of these six Eclogues, four only were written by Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Thursday the *BASSETTE TABLE*, and Friday the *TOILETTE*, being the Productions of Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay.

They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear;
 She in these gentle sounds exprefs'd her care.

“ Was it for this, that I these roses wear,
 “ For this new-set the jewels for my hair ?
 “ Ah ! princess ! with what zeal have I pursu'd !
 “ Almost forgot the duty of a prude.
 “ Thinking I never could attend too soon,
 “ I've mis'd my prayers, to get me dress'd by noon.
 “ For thee, ah ! what for thee did I resign ?
 “ My pleasures, passions, all that e'er was mine.
 “ I sacrific'd both modesty and ease,
 “ Left operas, and went to filthy plays ;
 “ Double entendres shock'd my tender ear,
 “ Yet even this for thee I chose to bear.
 “ In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
 “ And every joy of life before me lay,
 “ By honour prompted, and by pride restrain'd,
 “ The pleasures of the young my soul disdain'd.
 “ Sermons I fought, and with a mien severe
 “ Censur'd my neighbours, and said daily pray'r.
 “ Alas ! how chang'd !—with the same sermon-mien
 “ That once I pray'd, the *What-d'ye-call't** I've seen.
 “ Ah ! cruel princess, for thy sake I've lost
 “ That reputation which so dear had cost ;
 “ I, who avoided every public place,
 “ When bloom and beauty bade me show my face ;

* A Farce, by Mr. Gay.

" Now near thee constant every night abide
" With never-failing duty by thy side,
" Myself and daughters standing on a row,
" To all the foreigners a goodly show !
" Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,
" And merchants' wives close by the chair been seen;
" Had not I amply fill'd the empty space,
" And sav'd your highness from the dire disgrace.

" Yet *Coquetilla's* artifice prevails,
" When all my merit and my duty fails:
" That *Coquetilla*, whose deluding airs
" Corrupts our virgins, and our youth ensnares;
" So sunk her character, so lost her fame,
" Scarce visited before your highness came:
" Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis her you chuse,
" When Zeal and Fame and Virtue you refuse.
" Ah! worthy choice! not one of all your train
" Whom censure blasts not, and dishonours stain.
" Let the nice hind now suckle dirty pigs,
" And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo's eggs!
" Let *Iris* leave her paint and own her age,
" And grave *Suffolka* wed a giddy page!
" A greater miracle is daily view'd,
" A virtuous princess with a court so lewd.

" I know thee, Court! with all thy treach'rous
" wiles,
" Thy false careffes and undoing smiles!

“ Ah! princess, learn’d in all the courtly arts
“ To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts!

“ Large lovely bribes are the great statesman’s
“ aim;

“ And the neglected patriot follows fame.

“ The prince is ogled; some the king pursue;

“ But your *Roxana* only follows *You*.

“ Despis’d *Roxana*, cease, and try to find]

“ Some other, since the princess proves unkind;

“ Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,

“ If not a greater, a more firm support.”

T U E S D A Y.

St. JAMES’S Coffee-House.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

THOU, who so many favours hast receiv’d,
Wond’rous to tell, and hard to be believ’d,
Oh! *H—d*, to my lays attention lend,
Hear how two lovers boastingly contend:
Like thee successful, such their bloomy youth,
Renown’d alike for gallantry and truth.

St. James’s bell had toll’d some wretches in,
(As tatter’d riding-hoods alone could fin)

The

The happier sinners now their charms put out,
 And to their mantuas their complexions suit;
 The opera queens had finish'd half their faces,
 And city dames already taken places;
 Fops of all kinds, to see the Lion, run;
 The beauties stay till the first act's begun,
 And beaux step home to put fresh linen on.
 No well-dress'd youth in coffee-house remain'd,
 But pensive *Patch*, who on the window lean'd;
 And *Silliander*, that alert and gay,
 First pick'd his teeth, and then began to say.

SILLIANDER.

Why all these sighs; ah! why so pensive grown?
 Some cause there is why thus you sit alone.
 Does hapless passion all this sorrow move?
 Or dost thou envy where the ladies love?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy must pursue,
 'Tis true, at least, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy—you are in the right—
 'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they slight.
 Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boast,
 A club of ladies where 'tis me they toast.

PATCH.

Toasting does seldom any favour prove;
 Like us, they never toast the thing they love.

A certain duke one night my health begun ;
 With chearful pledges round the room it run,
 'Till the young *Silvia*, press'd to drink it too,
 Started and vow'd she knew not what to do :
 What, drink a fellow's health ! she dy'd with shame :
 Yet blush'd whenever she pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER.

Ill fates pursue me, may I never find
 The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,
 If fair Miss *Flippy*'s fan I did not tear,
 And one from me she condescends to wear.

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive ;
 'Tis then a favour when the sex will give.
 A lady (but she is too great to name)
 Beauteous in person, spotless in her fame,
 With gentle strugglings let me force this ring ;
 Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

I could say something—see this billet-doux—
 And as for presents—look upon my shoe—
 These buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,
 But a young countess fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My countess is more nice, more artful too,
 Affects to fly, that I may fierce pursue :

This

This snuff-box which I begg'd, she still deny'd,
 And when I strove to snatch it, seem'd to hide ;
 She laugh'd and fled, and as I sought to seize,
 With affectation cram'd it down her stays ;
 Yet hop'd she did not place it there unseen,
 I prefs'd her breasts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Last night, as I stood ogling of her grace,
 Drinking delicious poison from her face,
 The soft enchantress did that face decline,
 Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine ;
 With sudden art some secret did pretend,
 Lean'd cross two chairs to whisper to a friend,
 While the stiff whalebone with the motion rose,
 And thousand beauties to my sight expose.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was ask'd to come)
 I drank bohea in *Celia's* dressing-room :
 Warm from her bed, to me alone within,
 Her night-gown fasten'd with a single pin ;
 Her night-cloaths tumbled with resistless grace,
 And her bright hair play'd careless round her face ;
 Reaching the kettle made her gown unpin,
 She wore no waistcoat, and her shift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See *Titiana* driving to the park !
 Hark ! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark :

In

In her all beauties of the spring are seen,
Her cheeks are rosy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See *Tintoretta* to the opera goes !
Haite, or the crow'd will not permit our bows ;
In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,
Her eyes are star-like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

What colour does in *Celia's* stockings shine ?
Reveal that secret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

What are her garters ? tell me if you can ;
I'll freely own thee far the happier man.

Thus *Patch* continued his heroic strain,
While *Silliander* but contends in vain,
After a conquest so important gain'd,
Unrivall'd *Patch* in every ruelle reign'd.

WEDNESDAY.

W E D N E S D A Y.

The Tête à Tête.

DANCINDA.

“ NO, fair *Dancinda*, no ; you strive in vain
“ To calm my care, and mitigate my pain ;
“ If all my sighs, my cares, can fail to move,
“ Ah ? sooth me not with fruitless vows of love.”
Thus *Strephon* spoke. *Dancinda* thus reply'd :
What must I do to gratify your pride ?
Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)
How much you triumph in this tender heart :
What proof of love remains for me to grant ?
Yet still you teize me with some new complaint.
Oh ! would to heaven !—but the fond wish is vain—
Too many favours had not made it plain !
But such a passion breaks through all disguise,
Love reddens on my cheek, and wishes in my eyes.
Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind !)
I own the secret conflict of my mind ;
You cannot know what secret pain I prove,
When I with burning blushes own I love.
You see my artless joy at your approach,
I sigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch ;
And in your absence all the world I shun ;
I hate mankind, and curse the chearing sun.

Still

Still as I fly, ten thousand swains pursue ;
 Ten thousand swains I sacrifice to you.
 I shew you all my heart without disguise :
 But these are tender proofs that you despise——
 I see too well what wishes you pursue ;
 You would not only conquer, but undo :
 You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,
 Would seek a cure in my eternal shame ;
 And not content my honour to subdue,
 Now strive to triumph o'er my virtue too.
 Oh! *Love*, a God indeed to womankind,
 Whose arrows burn me, and whose fetters bind,
 Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame,
 And blast these traitors that profane thy name ;
 Who by pretending to thy sacred fire,
 Raise cursed trophies to impure desire.

Have you forgot with what ensnaring art
 You first seduc'd this fond uncautious heart ?
 Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,
 " Turn, cruel beauty ; whither would you fly ?
 " Why all these doubts ; why this distrustful fear ?
 " No impious wishes shall offend your ear :
 " Nor ever shall my boldest hopes pretend
 " Above the title of a tender friend ;
 " Blest, if my lovely goddess will permit
 " My humble vows thus sighing at her feet.
 " The tyrant love, that in my bosom reigns,
 " The god himself submits to wear your chains :
 " You

" You shall direct his course, his ardor tame,
 " And check the fury of his wildest flame."

Unpractis'd youth is easily deceiv'd ;
 Sooth'd by such sounds, I listen'd and believ'd :
 Now, quite forgot that soft submissive fear,
 You dare to ask what I must blush to hear.

Could I forget the honour of my race,
 And meet your wishes, fearless of disgrace ;
 Could passion o'er my tender youth prevail,
 And all my mother's pious maxims fail ;
 Yet to preserve your heart (which still must be,
 False as it is, for ever dear to me)
 This fatal proof of love I would not give,
 Which you'd condemn the moment you receive.
 The wretched she, who yields to guilty joys,
 A man may pity, but he must despise.
 Your ardour ceas'd, I then should see you shun
 The wretched victim by your arts undone.
 Yet if I could that cold indifference bear,
 What more would strike me with the last despair,
 With this reflection would my soul be torn,
 To know I merited your cruel scorn.

Has love no pleasures free from guilt or fear ?
 Pleasures less fierce, more lasting, more sincere ?
 Thus let us gently kiss and fondly gaze,
 Love is a child, and like a child it plays.

O Strephon,

O *Strephon*, if you will continue just,
 If love be something more than brutal lust,
 Forbear to ask what I must still deny,
 This bitter pleasure, this destructive joy,
 So closely follow'd by the dismal train
 Of cutting shame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain.

She paus'd ; and fix'd her eyes upon her fan ;
 He took a pinch of snuff, and thus began ;
 Madam, if love—but he could say no more,
 For Mademoiselle came rapping at the door.
 The dangerous moments no adieus afford ;
 —Begone, she cries, I'm sure I hear my lord.
 The lover starts from his unfinish'd loves,
 To snatch his hat, and seek his scatter'd gloves ;
 The fighting dame to meet her dear prepares,
 While *Strephon* cursing slips down the back-stairs.

THURSDAY.

T H U R S D A Y.

The BASSETTE-TABLE.*

SMILINDA and CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Bassette-table* spread, the Tallier come;
 Why stays *Smilinda* in the dressing-room?
 Rise, pensive nymph! the tallier waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah! madam, since my *Sharper* is untrue,
 I joyless make my once ador'd *alpieu*.
 I saw him stand behind *Ombrelia's* chair,
 And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
 And those feign'd sighs, which cheat the list'ning
 fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
 A mightier grief my heavier heart sustains.

* Only this, of all the Town Eclogues, was Mr. Pope's, and is here printed from a Copy corrected by his own hand. The humour of it lies in this happy circumstance, that the one is in love with the Game, and the other with the Sharper.

A

As you by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd ;
 One, one bad *deal* three *septileva's* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine ?
 With ease the smiles of Fortune I resign :
 Would all my gold in one bad *deal* were gone ;
 Were lovely *Sharper* mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost is but a common care ;
 And prudent nymphs against that change prepare.
 The knave of clubs thrice lost : oh ! who could guess
 This fatal stroke ! this unforeseen distress ?

SMILINDA.

See ! *Betty Loveit* very à propos,
 She all the care of *love* and *play* does know ;
 Dear *Betty* shall th' important point decide ;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd ;
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
 By *cards' ill usage*, or by *lovers lost*.

LOVEIT.

Tell, tell your griefs ; attentive will I stay,
 Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
 With fifty guineas (a great pen'orth !) bought.

See

See on the tooth-pick, *Mars* and *Cupid* strive ;
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.
 Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face ;
 A myrtle foliage round the thimble case.
Jove, *Jove* himself, does on the scissars shine ;
 The metal, and the workmanship divine !

SMILINDA.

This *snuff-box*, once the pledge of *Sharper's* love,
 When rival beauties for the present strove ;
 At *Corticelli's* he the raffle won ;
 Then first his passion was in public shown :
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
 A rival's envy (all in vain to hide.
 This *snuff-box*—on the hinge see brilliants shine :
 This *snuff-box* will I stake ; the prize is mine.

CARDELLA.

Alas ! far lesser losses than I bear,
 Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
 And oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,
 'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
 In complaisance I took the *queen* he gave ;
 Though my own secret wish was for the knave.
 The *knave* won *Sonica* which I had chose ;
 And the next *pull*, my *septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah ! what aggravates the killing smart,
 The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart ;
 This

This curs'd *Ombrelia*, this undoing fair,
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.
 An aukward thing when first she came to town,
 Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
 She was my friend, I taught her first to spread
 Upon her fallow cheeks enlivening red.
 I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
 And by my int'rest, *Coffins* made her stays.
 Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
 She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I sworn,
 When *Winnall* tallied, I would *punt* no more?
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
 And see the folly, which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have *Sharper's* vows deceiv'd;
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
 Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
 Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
 To gaze on *Bassette*, and remain unwarm'd?
 When *kings, queens, knaves*, are set in decent rank;
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank:
 Guineas,

Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
 The winner's pleasure and the loser's pain:
 In bright confusion open *rouleaus* lie,
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye,
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
 Look upon *Bassette*, you who reason boast;
 And see if reason must not *there* be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
 Can hearken coldly to my *Sharper's* vows?
 That when he trembles, when his blushes rise,
 When awful love seems melting in his eyes?
 With eager beats his *Mechlin* cravat moves:
He loves, I whisper to myself, *he loves*!
 Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
 I lose all mem'ry of my former fears:
 My panting heart confesses all his charms,
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms:
 Think of that moment, you who prudence boast;
 For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the *groom-porter's*, batter'd bullies play,
 Some *dukes* at Marybone bowl time away.
 But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
 To *Bassette's* heavenly joys, and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft *Simplicetta* doats upon a beau ;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.
 Their several graces in my *Sharper* meet ;
 Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVEIT.

Cease your contention, which has been too long ;
 I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide ;
 The *equipage* shall grace *Smilinda's* side :
 The snuff-box to *Cardelia* I decree,
 Now leave complaining, and begin your *tea*.

F R I D A Y.

The TOILETTE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty springs had cloath'd the park with
 green,
 Since *Lydia* knew the blossoms of fifteen ;
 No lovers now her morning hours molest ;
 And catch her at her toilette half undrest.

The

The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more,
 Nor chairs, nor coaches croud the silent door ;
 Nor at the window all her mornings pass,
 Or at the dumb devotion of her glass :
 Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive fate,
 And curs'd th' inconstancy of man too late.

“ Oh youth ! O spring of life for ever lost !
 “ No more my name shall reign the fav'rite toast ;
 “ On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
 “ And lines mis-spelt record my lover's flame :
 “ Nor shall side boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,
 “ And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
 “ With humble bows ; nor white-glov'd beaux
 “ encroach
 “ In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.

“ What shall I do to spend the hateful day ?
 “ At chapel shall I wear the morn away ?
 “ Who there appears at these unmodish hours,
 “ But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,
 “ And grey religious maids ? my presence there
 “ Amidst that sober train, would own despair ;
 “ Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance
 “ As yet fix'd wholly on devotion's trance.
 “ Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
 “ Through India shops, to Motteux's, or the
 “ Change,

Q2

“ Where

“ Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,
“ With antic shapes in China’s azure dy’d ;
“ There careless lies a rich brocade unroll’d,
“ Here shines a cabinet with burnish’d gold.
“ But then, alas ! I must be forc’d to pay,
“ And bring no penn’orths, not a fan away !

“ How am I curs’d, unhappy and forlorn !
“ My lover’s triumph, and my sexes scorn !
“ False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs ;
“ False are the loose coquet’s inveigling airs ;
“ False is the crafty courtier’s plighted word ;
“ False are the dice when gamesters stamp the
“ board ;
“ False is the sprightly widow’s public tear ;
“ Yet these to *Damon*’s oaths are all sincere.

“ For what young flirt, base man, am I abus’d ?
“ To please your wife am I unkindly us’d ;
“ ’Tis true, her face may boast the peach’s bloom ;
“ But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume ?
“ I own her taper shape is form’d to please ;
“ But don’t you see her unconfin’d by stays ?
“ She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence ;
“ Alike we read it in her face and sense.
“ Infipid, servile thing ! whom I disdain !
“ Her phlegm can best support the marriage chain.
“ *Damon* is practis’d in the modish life ;
“ Can hate, and yet be civil to his wife ;

“ He

" He games, he drinks, he swears, he fights, he
" roves ;

" Yet *Cloe* can believe he fondly loves.

" Mistress and wife by turns supply his need ;

" A mistress for pleasure, and a wife for breed.

" Powder'd with diamonds, free from spleen or
" care,

" She can a sullen husband's humour bear ;

" Her credulous friendship, and her stupid ease,

" Have often been my jest in happier days :

" Now *Cloe* boasts and triumphs in my pains ;

" To her he's faithful : 'tis to me he feigns.

" Am I that stupid thing to bear neglect,

" And force a smile, not daring to suspect ?

" No, perjur'd man ! a wife may be content,

" But you shall find a mistress can resent."

Thus love-sick *Lydia* rav'd ; her maid appears,

And in her faithful hand the band-box bears ;

(The Cestus that reform'd inconstant *Jove*

Not better fill'd with what allur'd to love)

" How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face !

She cries in rapture ; " then, so sweet a lace !

" How charmingly you look ! so bright ! so fair !

" 'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air !"

Strait *Lydia* smil'd ; the comb adjusts her locks ;

And at the play-house, *Harry* keeps her box.

S A T U R D A Y.

The SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

THE wretched *Flavia* on her couch reclin'd,
Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind,
A glass revers'd in her right hand she bore,
For now she shun'd the face she fought before.

“ How am I chang'd ! alas ! how am I grown
“ A frightful spectre, to myself unknown !
“ Where's my complexion ? where my radiant
“ bloom,
“ That promis'd happiness for years to come ?
“ Then with what pleasure I this face survey'd !
“ To look once more, my visits oft delay'd !
“ Charm'd with the view, a fresher red would rise,
“ And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes !

“ Ah ! faithless glass, my wonted bloom restore ;
“ Alas ! I rave, that bloom is now no more !
“ The greatest good the gods on men bestow,
“ Ev'n youth itself to me is useless now.
“ There was a time (oh ! that I could forget !)
“ When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet ;
“ And at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,
“ The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.

“ Witness

" Witness, O Lilly ; and thou, Motteux, tell,
 " How much japan these eyes have made ye sell.
 " With what contempt ye saw me oft despise
 " The humble offer of the raffled prize!
 " For at the raffle still each prize I bore,
 " With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore !
 " Now beauty's fled, and presents are no more !

}

" For me the Patriot has the house forsook,
 " And left debates to catch a passing look :
 " For me the soldier has soft verses writ :
 " For me the beau has aim'd to be a wit.
 " For me the wit to nonsense was betray'd ;
 " The Gamester has for me his dun-delay'd,
 " And overseen the card he would have play'd.
 " The bold and haughty by success made vain,
 " Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain :
 " The bashful 'Squire touch'd by a wish unknown,
 " Has dar'd to speak with spirit not his own :
 " Fir'd by one wish, all did alike adore ;
 " Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more !

}

" As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
 " New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise.
 " Far from my sight that killing picture bear,
 " The face disfigure, and the canvass tear :
 " That picture, which with pride I us'd to show,
 " The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.

" And thou, my toilette! where I oft have fate,
 " While hours unheeded pass'd in deep debate,
 " How curls should fall, or where a patch to place;
 " If blue or scarlet best became my face;
 " Now on some happier nymph your aid bestow;
 " On fairer heads, ye useless jewels, glow!
 " No borrow'd lustre can my charms restore;
 " Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more!

" Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine;
 " Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine;
 " But 'midst your triumphs with confusion know,
 " 'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.
 " Would pitying heaven restore my wonted mien,
 " Ye still might move unthought of and unseen:
 " But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boast
 " Of beauty faded, and of empire lost!
 " What now is left but weeping, to deplore
 " My beauty fled, and empire now no more?

" Ye cruel chymists, what withheld your aid!
 " Could no pomatums save a trembling maid?
 " How false and trifling is that art ye boast!
 " No art can give me back my beauty lost.
 " In tears, surrounded by my friends I lay,
 " Mask'd o'er, and trembled at the sight of day;
 " *Mirmillio* came my fortune to deplore,
 " (A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)

" Cor-

" Cordials, he cry'd, my spirits must restore !

" Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more !

" *Galen*, the grave ; officious *Squirt*, was there,

" With fruitless grief and unavailing care :

" *Machaon* too, the great *Machaon*, known

" By his red cloak and his superior frown ;

" And why, he cry'd, this grief and this despair,

" You shall again be well, again be fair ;

" Believe my oath ; (with that an oath he swore)

" False was his oath ; my beauty is no more !

" Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale pursue,

" Forfake mankind, and bid the world adieu !

" Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway ;

" All strive to serve, and glory to obey :

" Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow——

" Men mock the idol of their former vow.

" Adieu ! ye parks !—in some obscure recess,

" Where gentle streams will weep at my distress,

" Where no false friend will in my grief take part,

" And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart ;

" There let me live in some deserted place,

" There hide in shades this lost inglorious face,

" Plays, operas, circles, I no more must view !

" My toilette, patches, all the world adieu !"

VERSES

V E R S E S*

Addressed to the

I M I T A T O R

Of the FIRST SATIRE of the SECOND
Book of *HORACE*.

IN two large columns on thy motly page,
Where Roman wit is strip'd with English rage ;
Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence ;
And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense :
Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought ;
And on the other how he never wrote :
Who can believe, who view the bad and good,
That the dull copist better understood

That

* These severe Verses owe their birth to two lines in the first Satire of the second Book of Horace, imitated by Mr. Pope, which were supposed to point at Lady Mary Wortley Montague, under the name of Sappho. We find by the Letters of Mr. Pope, vol. 7. and those of Lady Mary Wortley Montague lately published, that a friendly correspondence once subsisted between these two Wits, which probably did not continue much later than her ladyship's return into England in the year 1718. But the exact time when the quarrel between them commenced, and the circumstances

ces

That Spirit, he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore that Greek he did translate?

Thine

ces relating to it, are not easy, at this distance of time, to discover. It is said in Mr. Pope's Life, (*Biographia Britannica*, vol. 5. p. 3413) that he was charged with propagating a scandalous report concerning her ladyship, which, it is added, perhaps he was not quite clear of. The note to that life in which this charge on the poet is to be found, has the name of Dr. Warburton annexed to it, and therefore, on his authority, may well be supposed not without foundation. If a conjecture may be allowed, it is not improbable that this was the occasion of their difference. With respect to the lines which produced these verses, Mr. Pope, in his letter to Lord Hervey, vol. 8. p. 196. absolutely disclaims any intention of applying them to Lady Montague. "In regard (says he) to the right honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of Sappho, a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. I protest I never applied that name to her in any verse of mine, public or private, and (I firmly believe) not in any letter or conversation." What degree of credit this asseveration deserves must be left to the reader's determination, only observing, that Mr. Pope was not very scrupulous in disowning a character when the opinion of the Public was not in his favour. With equal, or more earnestness, he denied that the description of Timon's Villa was designed to expose that of a certain nobleman. In which particular,

Thine is just such an image of *his* pen,
 As thou thyself art of the sons of men :
 Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
 A sign-post likeness of the human race ;
 That is at once resemblance and disgrace.

Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear ;
 You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer.

His

lar, he has been unwarily given up by his Commentator, who, in the following note on these lines in the edition of 1751, seems to acknowledge the fact.

Another age shall see the golden car
 Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre ;
 Deep harvests bury all his pride had plann'd,
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

MORAL EPISTLES IV. Verse 171.

“ Had the poet lived but three years longer, he had seen
 “ this prophecy fulfilled.” It is to be remembered, that
 Canons was sold about the time here fixed upon, and there-
 fore this question will naturally arise, What prophecy was
 fulfilled, if Mr. Pope had not that place in his mind while
 he was writing the before mentioned Epistle ? The Editor
 of his works, as if conscious that he had done no service
 to Mr. Pope’s moral character, by the above note, has since
 altered it in the following manner : “ Had the poet lived
 “ three years longer he had seen his *general* prophecy
 “ *against all ill judged magnificence fulfilled in a very parti-*
 “ *cular instance.*”

His style is elegant, his diction pure,
 Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure ;
 Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure. }

If *be* has thorns, they all on roses grow ;
 Thine like rude thistles, and mean brambles show,
 With this exception, that tho' rank the soil,
 Weeds as they are they seem produc'd by toil.
 Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
 Wound with a touch, that's scarcely felt or seen.
 Thine is an oyster-knife, that hacks and hews ;
 The rage, but not the talent to abuse ;
 And is in *bate*, what *love* is in the stews. }
 'Tis the gross *lust* of hate, that still annoys,
 Without distinction, as gross love enjoys :
 Neither to folly, nor to vice confin'd ;
 The object of thy spleen is human kind :
 It preys on all, who yield or who resist ;
 To thee 'tis provocation to exist.

But if thou seest * a great and generous heart,
 Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
 Nor dignity nor innocence is spar'd,
 Nor age, nor sex, nor thrones, nor graves rever'd.
 Nor only justice vainly we demand,
 But even benefits can't rein thy hand :
 To this or that alike in vain we trust,
 Nor find thee less ungrateful than unjust. }

Not

* See TASTE, an Epistle.

Not even youth and beauty can controul
 The universal rancour of thy soul ;
 Charms that might soften superstition's rage,
 Might humble pride, or thaw the ice of age.
 But how should'st thou by beauty's force be mov'd,
 No more for loving made, than to be lov'd ?
 It was the equity of righteous heav'n,
 That such a soul to such a form was giv'n ;
 And shews the uniformity of fate,
 That one so odious should be born to hate.

When God created thee, one would believe,
 He said the same as to the snake of *Eve* ;
 To human race antipathy declare,
 'Twixt them and thee be everlasting war.
 But oh ! the sequel of the sentence dread,
 And whilst you *bruise their heel*, beware your head.

Nor think thy weakness shall be thy defence ;
 The female scold's protection in offence.
 Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,
 As 'tis to libel those who cannot write.
 And if thou draw'st thy pen to aid the law,
 Others a cudgel, or a rod, may draw.
 If none with vengeance yet thy crimes pursue,
 Or give thy manifold affronts their due ;
 If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
 Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unslain ;
 That wretched little carcase you retain :

The reason is, not that the world wants eyes;
 But thou'rt so mean, they see, and they despise.
 When fretful *porcupine*, with rancorous will,
 From mounted back shoots forth a harmless quill,
 Cool the spectators stand; and all the while,
 Upon the angry little monster smile.
 Thus 'tis with thee:—while impotently safe,
 You strike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
*Who but must laugh, this bully when he sees,
 A puny insect shiv'ring at a breeze?*
 One over-match'd by ev'ry blast of wind,
 Insulting and provoking all mankind.

Is this the *thing* to keep mankind in awe,
To make those tremble who escape the law?
 Is this *the ridicule* to live so long,
The deathless satire, and immortal Song?
 No: like thy self-blown praise, thy scandal flies;
 And, as were told of wasps, it stings and dies.

If none do yet return th' intended blow,
 You all your safety to your dullness owe:
 But whist that armour thy poor corps defends,
 'Twill make thy readers few, as are thy friends;
 Those, who thy nature loath'd, yet lov'd thy art,
 Who lik'd thy head, and yet abhor'd thy heart;
 Chose thee, to read, but never to converse,
 And scorn'd in prose, him whom they priz'd in verse.
 Even they shall now their partial error see,
 Shall shun thy writings like thy company;

And

And to thy books shall ope their eyes no more,
Than to thy person they wou'd do their door.

Nor thou the justice of the world disown,
That leaves thee thus an out-cast, and alone;
For tho' in law, to murder be to kill,
In equity the murder's in the will:
Then whilst with coward hand you stab a name,
And try at least t' assassinate our fame;
Like the first bold assassins be thy lot,
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven, or forgot;
But as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind,
Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through the land.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O
L O R D B——.

HOW happy you! who varied joys pursue;
And every hour presents you something new!
Plans, schemes, and models, all Palladio's art,
For six long months have gain'd upon your heart;
Of

Of colonnades, of corridors you talk,
 The winding stair-case and the cover'd walk;
 You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,
 And raise with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile:
 But the dull workman's slow performing hand
 But coldly executes his lord's command.
 With dirt and mortar soon you go displeas'd,
 Planting succeeds, and avenues are rais'd,
 Canals are cut, and mountains level made;
 Bowers of retreat, and galleries of shade;
 The shaven turf presents a lively green,
 The bordering flowers in mystic knots are seen:
 With studied art on nature you refine——
 The spring beheld you warm in this design,
 But scarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,
 Your inclinations fail, and wishes freeze:
 You quit the grove so lately you admir'd;
 With other views your eager hopes are fir'd.
 Post to the city you direct your way,
 Not blooming Paradise could bribe your stay:
 Ambition shews you power's brightest side,
 'Tis meanly poor in solitude to hide:
 Tho' certain pains attend the cares of state,
 A good man owes his country to be great;
 Should act abroad the high-distinguish'd part,
 Or shew at least the purpose of his heart.
 With thoughts like these the shining courts you seek;
 Full of new projects for almost a week:

You then despise the tinsel glittering snare;
 Think vile mankind below a serious care.
 Life is too short for any distant aim;
 And cold the dull reward of future fame:
 Be happy then, while yet you have to live;
 And love is all the blessing heav'n can give.
 Fir'd by new passions you address the fair;
 Survey the opera as a gay parterre:
 Young Cloe's bloom had made you certain prize,
 But for a side-long glance from Celia's eyes:
 Your beating heart acknowledges her power;
 Your eager eyes her lovely form devour;
 You feel the poison swelling in your breast,
 And all your soul by fond desire possess'd.
 In dying sighs a long three hours are past;
 To some assembly with impatient haste,
 With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you move,
 Resolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love:
 But there Belinda meets you on the stairs,
 Easy her shape, attracting all her airs;
 A smile she gives, and with a smile can wound;
 Her melting voice has music in the sound;
 Her every motion wears resistless grace;
 Wit in her mien, and pleasure in her face:
 Here while you vow eternity of love,
 Cloe and Celia unregarded move.

Thus

Thus on the sand of Afric's burning plains,
 However deeply made, no long impress remains;
 The slightest leaf can leave its figure there:
 The strongest form is scattered by the air.
 So yielding the warm temper of your mind,
 So touch'd by every eye, so toss'd by wind;
 Oh! how unlike the heav'n my soul design'd!
 Unseen, unheard, the throng around me move;
 Not wishing praise, insensible of love:
 No whisper softens, nor no beauties fire;
 Careless I see the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.

}

So num'rous herds are driv'n o'er the rock;
 No print is left of all the passing flock:
 So sings the wind around the solid stone:
 So vainly beat the waves with fruitless moan.
 Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,
 Who dare attempt to fix impressions there:
 But should some swain more skilful than the rest,
 Engrave his name upon this marble breast,
 Not rolling ages could deface that name;
 Thro' all the storms of life 'tis still the same:
 Tho' length of years with moss may shade the
 ground,
 Deep, though unseen, remains the secret wound.

E P I S T L E

F R O M

ARTHUR GREY, the Footman*,

After his Condemnation for attempting a RAPE.

READ, lovely nymph, and tremble not to
read,

I have no more to wish, nor you to dread :
I ask not life, for life to me were vain,
And death a refuge from severer pain:

My

* This man was footman to a gentleman, whose daughter, a married lady, he attempted to ravish. It appears by his trial, that he went into her room about four o'clock in the morning, armed with a pistol in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other ; and advancing to the bed-side, threatened to murder her if she made any noise. Upon asking him what he meant by coming into her chamber in such a manner, he replied, that he intended to ravish her, for that he had entertained a violent love for her a long time, but as there was so great a difference between
their

My only hope in these last lines I try;
I would be pitied and I then would die.

Long had I liv'd as fordid as my fate,
Nor curs'd the destiny that made me wait
A servile slave: content with homely food,
The gross instinct of happiness pursu'd:
Youth gave me sleep at night, and warmth of
blood. }

Ambition yet had never touch'd my breast;
My lordly master knew no sounder rest!
With labour healthy, in obedience blest. }
But when I saw——oh! had I never seen
That wounding softness, that engaging mien!
The mist of wretched education flies,
Shame, fear, desire, despair and love arise. }
The new creation of those beauteous eyes.
But yet that love pursu'd no guilty aim,
Deep in my heart I hid the secret flame.

R 3.

I never

their fortunes, he despaired of enjoying his wishes by any means but force. After some resistance, the lady wrenched the pistol from his hand, (he having laid down the sword) and rung the bell; upon which he ran away. He was indicted and convicted of a burglary, at the Old Bailey in December 1721, but the sentence was not executed, for he was reprieved, and afterwards transported.

I never hop'd my fond desire to tell,
 And all my wishes were to serve you well.
 Heav'ns ! how I flew, when wing'd by your com-
 mand,
 And kiss'd the letters giv'n me by your hand.
 How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait,
 Present the sparkling wine, or change the plate !
 How when you sung my soul devour'd the sound,
 And ev'ry sense was in the rapture drown'd !
 Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move ;
 ——— You knew not that stupidity was love !
 But oh ! the torment not to be express'd,
 The grief, the rage, the hell that fir'd this breast,
 When my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
 Sate by your side, or led you from the play !
 I still contriv'd near as I could to stand,
 (The flambeau trembling in my shaking hand)
 I saw, or thought I saw, those finger's press'd,
 For thus their passion by my own I guess'd,
 And jealous fury all my soul possess'd. }
 Like torrents, love and indignation meet,
 And madness would have thrown me at your feet.

Turn, lovely nymph, (for so I would have said)
 Turn from those triflers who make love a trade ;
 This is true passion in my eyes you see ;
 They cannot, no——they cannot love lik'd me.

Frequent

Frequent debauch has pall'd their sickly taste,
 Faint their desire, and in a moment past :
 They sigh not from the heart, but from the brain ;
 Vapours of vanity, and strong champagne.

Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inspire, }
 After long talking of their painted fire,
 To some lew'd brothel they at night retire ?
 There pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
 Enjoy your beauties in a strumpet's arms.

Such are the joys those toasters have in view, }
 And such the wit and pleasure they pursue :
 —And is this love that ought to merit you ?

Each opera-night a new address begun,
 They swear to thousands what they swear to one.

Not thus I sigh—but all my sighs are vain— }
 Die, wretched *Arthur*, and conceal thy pain :
 'Tis impudence to wish, and madness to complain.

Fix'd on this view, my only hope of ease,
 I waited not the aid of slow disease :
 The keenest instruments of death I fought,
 And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
 This all the night—when I remember well,
 The charming tinkle of your morning bell !
 Fir'd by the sound, I hasten'd with your tea,
 With one last look to smooth the darksome way.—
 But oh ! how dear that fatal look has cost !
 In that fond moment my resolves were lost.

Hence

Hence all my guilt, and all your sorrows rise—
 I saw the languid softness of your eyes;
 I saw the dear disorder of your bed;
 Your cheeks all glowing with a tempting red;
 Your night-cloaths tumbled with resistless grace;
 Your flowing hair play'd careless down your face,
 Your night-gown fastened with a single pin;
 —Fancy improv'd the wond'rous charms within!
 I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breast,
 And hardly, hardly I forbore the rest;
 Eager to gaze, unsatisfy'd with sight,
 My head grew giddy with the near delight!
 —Too well you know the fatal following night!
 Th' extremest proof of my desire I give,
 And since you will not love, I will not live.
 Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
 Careless and fearless of the woes to come.
 But when you see me waver in the wind,
 My guilty flame extinct, my soul resign'd,
 Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
 The cruel consequence of furious love.
 Think the bold wretch, that could so greatly dare,
 Was tender, faithful, ardent, and sincere:
 Think when I held the pistol to your breast,
 Had I been of the world's large rule possess'd,
 That world had then been yours, and I been blest!
 Think that my life was quite below my care,
 Nor fear'd I any hell beyond despair.—

If

If these reflections, though they seize you late,
 Give some compassion for your *Arthur's* fate :
 Enough you give, nor ought I to complain ;
 You pay my pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

A N
 A N S W E R
 T O A
 L O V E - L E T T E R.

IS it to me, this sad lamenting strain ?
 Are heaven's choicest gifts bestow'd in vain ?
 A plenteous fortune, and a beauteous bride,
 Your love rewarded, gratify'd your pride :
 Yet leaving her——'tis me that you pursue
 Without one single charm, but being new.
 How vile is man ! how I detest their ways
 Of artful falshood, and designing praise !
 Tasteless, an easy happiness you slight,
 Ruin your joy, and mischief your delight.
 Why should poor pug (the mimic of your kind)
 Wear the rough chain, and be to box confin'd ?

Some

Some cup, perhaps, he breaks, or tears a fan,—
 While roves unpunish'd the destroyer, man.
 Not bound by vows, and unrestrain'd by shame,
 In sport you break the heart, and rend the fame.
 Not that your art can be successful here,
 Th' already plunder'd need no robber fear:
 Nor sighs, nor charms, nor flatteries can move,
 Too well secur'd against a second love.
 Once, and but once, that devil charm'd my mind:
 To reason deaf, to observation blind;
 I idly hop'd (what cannot love persuade!)
 My fondness equal'd, and my love repay'd;
 Slow to distrust, and willing to believe,
 Long hush'd my doubts, and did myself deceive:
 But oh! too soon——this tale would ever last;
 Sleep, sleep my wrongs, and let me think 'em past.
 For you who mourn, with counterfeited grief,
 And ask so boldly like a begging thief,
 May soon some other nymph inflict the pain,
 You know so well with cruel art to feign.
 Tho' long you sported have with Cupid's dart,
 You may see eyes, and you may feel a heart.
 So the brisk wits, who stop the evening coach,
 Laugh at the fear which follows their approach;
 With idle mirth, and haughty scorn despise
 The passenger's pale cheek, and staring eyes;
 But seiz'd by Justice, find a freight no jest,
 And all the terror doubled in their breast.

A N
E L E G Y
O N

Mrs. T H O M P S O N.

UNHAPPY fair! by fatal love betray'd!
 Must then thy beauties thus untimely fade?
 And all thy blooming, soft, inspiring charms,
 Become a prey to death's destructive arms?
 Tho' short thy day, and transient like the wind,
 How far more blest than those yet left behind!
 Safe in the grave, thy griefs with thee remain;
 And life's tempestuous billows break in vain.
 Ye tender nymphs in lawless pastimes gay,
 Who heedless down the paths of pleasure stray;
 Tho' long secure, with blissful joy elate,
 Yet pause, and think of Arabella's fate:
 For such may be your unexpected doom,
 And your next slumbers lull you in the tomb.
 But let it be the muse's gentle care
 To shield from envy's rage the mould'ring fair:
 To draw a veil o'er faults she can't defend;
 And what prudes have devour'd, leave time to end:
Be

Be it her part to drop a pitying tear,
 And mourning sigh around thy sable bier.
 Nor shall thy woes long glad th' ill-natur'd crowd,
 Silent to praise, and in detraction loud :
 When scandal, that thro' life each worth destroys,
 And malice that imbitters all our joys,
 Shall in some ill-starr'd wretch find later stains ;
 And let thine rest, forgot as thy remains.

In Answer to a LADY, who advised
 RETIREMENT.

YOU little know the heart that you advise ;
 I view this various scene with equal eyes ;
 In crowded courts I find myself alone,
 And pay my worship to a nobler throne.
 Long since the value of this world I know,
 Pity the madness, and despise the show.
 Well as I can my tedious part I bear,
 And wait for my dismissal without fear.
 Seldom I mark mankind's detested ways,
 Not hearing censure, nor affecting praise ;
 And, unconcern'd, my future state I trust
 To that sole being, merciful and just.

ON THE
D E A T H
O F

Mrs. *B O W E S*.

Written extempore on a card, in a great
deal of company, Dec. 14. 1724.

HAIL happy bride, for thou art truly blest!
Three months of rapture, crown'd with endless
rest.

Merit, like yours, was heaven's peculiar care,
You lov'd——yet tasted happiness sincere.
To you the sweets of love were only shewn,
The sure succeeding bitter dregs unknown;
You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
The tender lover, for the imperious lord:
Nor felt the pain that jealous fondness brings;
Nor felt the coldness, from possession springs.
Above your sex, distinguish'd in your fate,
You trusted——yet experienced no deceit;
Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure
flew;

No vain repentance gave a sigh to you:
And if superior bliss heaven can bestow,
With fellow angels you enjoy it now.

V E R S E S

V E R S E S

Written in a GARDEN.

SEE how that pair of billing doves
 With open murmurs own their loves ;
 And heedless of censorious eyes,
 Pursue their unpolluted joys :
 No fears of future want molest
 The downy quiet of their nest ;
 No int'rest join'd the happy pair,
 Securely blest in Nature's care,
 While her dear dictates they pursue :
 For constancy is nature too.

Can all the doctrine of our schools,
 Our maxims, our religious rules,
 Can learning to our lives ensure
 Virtue so bright, or blifs so pure ?
 The great Creator's happy ends,
 Virtue and pleasure ever blends :
 In vain the church and court have try'd
 Th' united essence to divide ;
 Alike they find their wild mistake,
 The pedant priest, and giddy rake.

A H Y M N
TO THE
M O O N.

Written in JULY, in an Arbor.

THOU silver Deity of secret night,
Direct my footsteps thro' the woodland shade ;
Thou conscious witness of unknown delight,
The lover's guardian, and the muses aid !
By thy pale beams I solitary rove,
To thee my tender grief confide ;
Serenely sweet you gild the silent grove,
My friend, my goddess, and my guide.
E'en thee, fair queen, from thy amazing height,
The charms of young Endymion drew ;
Veil'd with the mantle of concealing night ;
With all thy greatness, and thy coldness too.

EPI-

EPILOGUE*
TO
MARY, QUEEN of SCOTS.

Design'd to be spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WHAT could luxurious woman wish for more,
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r?
Their ev'ry wish was in this Mary seen,
Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen.
Vain useles blessings with ill conduct join'd!
Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.
Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,
Beauty, what poor omnipotence hast thou!

Queen

* This Epilogue was intended for a Play on the Story of Mary Queen of Scots, which the Duke of Wharton began to write, but never finished. No part of the Play now remains, but these four lines:

Sure were I free, and Norfolk were a prisoner,
I'd fly with more impatience to his arms,
Than the poor Israelite gaz'd on the serpent,
When life was the reward of ev'ry look.

Walpole's Catalogue, vol. II. p. 134.

Queen Befs had wisdom, council, power, and lays;
 How few espous'd a wretched beauty's cause!
 Learn thence, ye fair, more solid charms to prize,
 Contemn the idle flatt'ers of your eyes.
 The brightest object shines but while 'tis new:
 That influence lessens by familiar view.
 Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway,
 All strive to serve, and glory to obey;
 Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow—
 Men mock the idol of their former vow.

Two great examples have been shewn to-day,
 To what sure ruin passion does betray;
 What long repentance to short joys is due;
 When reason rules, what glory does ensue.

If you will love, love like Eliza then;
 Love for amusement, like those traitors, men.
 Think that the pastime of a leisure hour
 She favour'd oft—but never shar'd her pow'r.

The traveller by desert wolves pursu'd,
 If by his art the savage foe's subdu'd,
 The world will still the noble act applaud,
 Tho' victory was gain'd by needful fraud.

Such is, my tender sex, our helpless case,
 And such the barbarous heart, hid by the begging
 face.

By passion fir'd, and not withheld by shame,
 They cruel hunters are ; we, trembling game.
 Trust me, dear ladies, (for I know 'em well)
 They burn to triumph, and they sigh to tell :
 Cruel to them to yield, cullies to them that sell. }
 Believe me, 'tis by far the wiser course,
 Superior art should meet superior force :
 Hear, but be faithful to your int'rest still :
 Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you will.

A B A L L A D,

To the Tune of, *The Irish Howl.*

I.

TO that dear nymph, whose powerful name
 Does every throbbing nerve inflame,
 (As the soft sound I low repeat
 My pulse unequal measures beat)
 Whose eyes I never more shall see,
 That once so sweetly shin'd on thee ;
 Go, gentle wind ! and kindly bear
 My tender wishes to the fair.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

Amidst

2.

Amidst her pleasures let her know
 The secret anguish of my woe,
 The midnight pang, the jealous hell,
 Does in this tortur'd bosom dwell :
 While laughing she, and full of play,
 Is with her young companions gay ;
 Or hearing in some fragrant bower
 Her lover's sigh, and beauty's power.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

3.

Lost and forgotten may I be !
 Oh may no pitying thought of me
 Disturb the joy that she may find,
 When love is crown'd, and fortune kind :
 May that blest'd swain (whom yet I hate)
 Be proud of his distinguish'd fate :
 Each happy night be like the first ;
 And he be blest'd as I am curs'd.

Hoh, ho, oh, &c.

4.

While in these pathless woods I stray,
 And lose my solitary way ;
 Talk to the stars, to trees complain,
 And tell the senseless woods my pain :
 But madness spares the sacred name,
 Nor dares the hidden wound proclaim ;

Which secret rankling, sure and slow,
Shall close in endless peace my woe.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

5.

When this fond heart shall ake no more,
And all the ills of life are o'er;
(If gods by lovers prayers are mov'd
As ev'ry god in heaven has lov'd)
Instead of bright Elysian joys,
That unknown something in the skies,
In recompence of all my pain,
The only heaven I would obtain,
May I the guardian of her charms
Preserve that paradise from harms.

Hoh, ho, ho, &c.

The L O V E R:
A B A L L A D.

To Mr. C——.

I.

AT length, by so much importunity press'd,
Take, C—, at once the inside of my breast.
This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame.

I am

I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
 Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head :
 I know but too well how time flies along,
 That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
 Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
 Oh ! was there a man (but where shall I find
 Good sense and good-nature so equally join'd ?)
 Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine ;
 Not meanly would boast, nor lewdly design,
 Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
 For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain.

III.

No pedant, yet learned ; no rake helly gay,
 Or laughing, because he has nothing to say ;
 To all my whole sex, obliging and free,
 Yet never be fond of any but me ;
 In public preserve the decorum that's just,
 And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust ;
 Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
 But not fulsomely pert, nor soppishly low.

IV.

But when the long hours of public are past,
 And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,

May every fond pleasure that moment endear;
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
 Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
 'Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

V.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
 Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose counsel can
 guide.
 From such a dear lover as here I describe,
 No danger should fright me, no millions should
 bribe;
 But till this astonishing creature I know,
 As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

VI.

I never will share with the wanton coquet,
 Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
 The toasters and songsters may try all their art,
 But never shall enter the pass of my heart.
 I loath the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise:
 Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies:
 And as OVID has sweetly in parable told,
 We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

THE

THE
LADY'S RESOLVE.

Written extempore on a Window.

WHILST thirst of praise, and vain desire of
fame,

In every age, is every woman's aim ;
With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd ;
On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance ;
While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd :
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide ;
In part she is to blame that has been try'd—
He comes too near that comes to be deny'd.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S ANSWER.

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame
In ev'ry state and ev'ry age the same ;

With

With their own folly pleas'd, the fair they toast,
 And where they least are happy, swear they're most;
 No difference making 'twixt coquet and prude;
 And her that seems, yet is not really lewd:
 While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,
 And taste no joys but what their fancy give:
 Let this great maxim be my action's guide,
 May I ne'er hope, though I am ne'er deny'd:
 Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.

A M A N i n L O V E.

*L'Homme qui ne se trouve point & ne se trouvera
 jamais.*

THE man who feels the dear disease,
 Forgets himself, neglects to please:
 The crowd avoids, and seeks the groves,
 And much he thinks when much he loves;
 Press'd with alternate hope and fear,
 Sighs in her absence, sighs when she is near.
 The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,
 Those trifles pass unseen along;
 To him a pert, insipid throng.
 But most he shuns the vain coquet;
 Contemns her false affected wit:

The

The minstrels sound, the flowing bowl
 Oppress and hurt the am'rous soul.
 'Tis solitude alone can please,
 And give some intervals of ease.
 He feeds the soft distemper there,
 And fondly courts the distant fair ;
 To balls, the silent shade prefers,
 And hates all other charms but hers.
 When thus your absent swain can do,
 Molly, you may believe him true.

A
 R E C E I P T

To Cure the

V A P O U R S.

Written to Lady J——.

I.

WHY will Delia thus retire,
 And idly languish life away ?
 While the sighing crowd admire,
 'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea ;

II. All

II.

All those dismal looks and fretting
Cannot Damon's life restore:
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never see him more.

III.

Once again consult your toilette,
In the glass your face review:
So much weeping soon will spoil it,
And no spring your charms renew.

IV.

I, like you, was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean;
The disease, alas! is common;
Single, we have all the spleen.

V.

All the morals that they tell us,
Never cur'd the sorrow yet:
Chuse, among the pretty fellows,
One of honour, youth, and wit.

VI.

Prithee hear him every morning,
At the least an hour or two;
Once again at night returning—
I believe the dose will do.

The

The FIFTH ODE of HORACE
imitated.

FOR whom are now your airs put on,
And what new beauty's doom'd to be undone?

That careless elegance of dress,
This essence that perfumes the wind,
Your very motion does confess
Some secret conquest is design'd.

Alas! the poor unhappy maid,
To what a train of ills betray'd!

What fears, what pangs shall rend her breast,
How will her eyes dissolve in tears!

That now with glowing joy is blest'd,
Charm'd with the faithless vows she hears.

So the young failor on the summer sea,
Gaily pursues his destin'd way:

Fearless and careless on the deck he stands,
Till sudden storms arise and thunders roll;
In vain he casts his eyes to distant lands,
Distracting terror tears his timorous soul.

For me, secure I view the raging main,
Past are my dangers, and forgot my pain:

My votive tablet in the temple shews
The monument of folly past;

I paid the bounteous god my grateful vows,
Who snatch'd from ruin, sav'd me at the last.

FARE-

F A R E W E L L

T O

B A T H.

TO all you ladies now at Bath,
And eke, ye beaus, to you,
With aching heart, and watry eyes,
I bid my last adieu.

Farewell, ye nymphs, who waters sip
Hot reeking from the pumps,
While music lends her friendly aid,
To cheer you from the dumps.

Farewell ye wits who prating stand,
And criticise the fair;
Yourselfes the joke of men of sense,
Who hate a coxcomb's air.

Farewell to Deard's, and all her toys,
Which glitter in her shop,
Deluding traps to girls and boys,
The warehouse of the fop.

Lindsay's

Lindsay's and Hayes's both farewell,
 Where in the spacious hall;
 With bounding steps, and sprightly air,
 I've led up many a ball.

Where Somerville of courteous mien,
 Was partner in the dance,
 With swimming Haws, and Brownlow blithe,
 And Britton pink of France.

Poor Nash, farewell! may fortune smile,
 Thy drooping soul revive,
 My heart is full, I can no more—
 John, bid the Coachman drive.

T O

C L I O.

Occasioned by her VERSES on
 FRIENDSHIP.

WHILE, Clio, pondering o'er thy lines I roll,
 Dwell on each thought, and meditate thy soul,
 Methinks I view thee, in some calm retreat,
 Far from all guilt, distraction and deceit;
 Thence

Thence pitying view, the thoughtless fair and gay,
 Who whirl their lives in giddiness away.
 Thence greatly scorning what the world calls great,
 Contemn the proud, their tumults, power and state,
 And deem it thence inglorious to descend
 For ought below, but virtue and a friend.
 How com'st thou fram'd, so different from thy sex,
 Whom trifles ravish, and whom trifles vex?
 Capricious things, all flutter, whim and show,
 And light and varying as the winds that blow.
 To candour, sense, to love, to friendship blind,
 To flatterers fools, and coxcombs only kind!
 Say whence those hints, those bright ideas came,
 That warm thy breast with friendship's holy flame?
 That close thy heart against the joys of youth,
 And ope thy mind to all the rays of truth,
 That with such sweetness and such grace unite,
 The gay, the prudent, virtuous, and polite.
 As heaven inspires thy sentiment divine,
 May heaven vouchsafe a friendship worthy thine;
 A friendship, plac'd where ease and fragrance reign,
 Where nature sways us, and no laws restrain.
 Where studious leisure, prospects unconfin'd,
 And heavenly musing, lifts the aspiring mind.
 There with thy friend, may years on years be
 spent,
 In blooming health, and, ever gay, content;

There

There blend your cares with soft assuasive arts,
 There sooth the passions, there unfold your hearts;
 Join in each wish, and warming into love,
 Approach the raptures of the blest above.

A C A V E A T

To the FAIR SEX.

WIFE and Servant are the same,
 But only differ in the name;
 For when that fatal knot is ty'd,
 Which nothing, nothing can divide;
 When she the word OBEY has said,
 And man by law supreme is made,
 Then all that's kind is laid aside,
 And nothing left but state and pride:
 Fierce as an Eastern prince he grows,
 And all his innate rigour shows;
 Then but to look, to laugh, to speak,
 Will the nuptial contract break.
 Like mutes, she signs alone must make,
 And never any freedom take:
 But still be govern'd by a nod,
 And fear her husband as her god:

Him

Him still must serve, him still obey,
And nothing act, and nothing say,
But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
Who with the power, has all the wit.
Then shun, O shun that wretched state,
And all the fawning flatterers hate :
Value yourselves ; and men despise,
You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

F I N I S.



Him still must serve, him still obey,
And nothing act, and nothing say,
But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
Who with the power, has all the wit.
Then shun, O shun that wretched state,
And all the fawning flatterers hate :
Value yourselves ; and men despise,
You must be proud, if you'll be wise.

F I N I S .



